

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
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THROUGH SMOKE AND FLAME; OR, THE RIVAL FIREMEN OF IRVINGTON.

BY EX-FIREMEN MARSH

AND OTHER STORIES



He was jerked back against the side of the house with a thud that was heard by the spectators.

"That's Harry! Help, boys!" cried Jack Roper. Harry slid down the line and landed in the arms of his friends, still clinging to the unconscious girl.

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Through Smoke and Flame

OR, THE RIVAL FIREMEN OF IRVINGTON

By EX-FIRE CHIEF WARDEN

CHAPTER I.—The Firemen of Irvington.

On the night of the 4th of July, a dozen years ago, the rushing, booming little city of Irvington had a great celebration of the national holiday. There was speech-making, and a military parade in the day and a grand fireman's parade, with fireworks at night. All the villages for many miles around sent large delegations of men, women and children to swell the crowd of enthusiastic on-lookers. The little city was crowded as never before in its municipal history, and every citizen felt proud of its magnificent display and the machine-like working of its management.

The merchants, mill owners, and all the professional people had contributed liberally toward the expenses of the celebration, and it was in the hands of good managers from the beginning to the end. Yet there was a bitter rivalry between the two fire companies—so much so that on one occasion a fierce battle took place between them at a fire but a few weeks previous to the opening of our story, in which bruised faces, blackened eyes and cracked heads resulted in both companies.

During the day and evening the orator was the guest of the mayor of the city. He was the Congressman from that district, hence his name was familiar to all the people. He was both learned and eloquent, as well as popular with the masses. Mayor Hensler was his right-hand man politically, and a warm friend socially. Colonel Warner was a great admirer of firemen who risked life and limb in battling against flames.

"You have a new fire company since I was here last," he said to the mayor on the stand that night while waiting for the procession to move.

"Yes, and one of them is a remarkable one in many things."

"How is that?" the colonel asked.

"It is composed of boys between the ages of sixteen and nineteen," the mayor replied.

"It's a company of fireboys, then?"

"Yes, or fire fiends, I don't know which. They have about as much fear of fire as a duck has of water."

"Swim in it, eh?" the colonel laughed, in a jolly, good-natured way.

"Yes, and eat and drink it, too," added the mayor, not to be outdone by the congressman.

Warner laughed and said:

"Well, what else do they do? Go on with the story. I'm interested."

"They organized six months ago, taking the

discarded old engine of the Irvingtons after the latter had received their steamer. The Irvingtons are somewhat aristocratic and had black-balled several applicants who were not in their set, as the ladies say. By and by it was noticed that no workingmen need apply, and then the boys got mad all through. A young machinist named Harry Locke organized a company of boys, all of whom worked in the shops or mills of Irvington, and asked for the old discarded hand-pump engine, and got it. He put many repairs on it and made it as good as new. The proprietors of the shops and mills encouraged them for the sake of the protection they received for their property. What name do you suppose they adopted?"

"Ask me something easier, please," the congressman said.

"Well, the first called themselves the 'Irvingtons.' The boys called theirs 'Irvingtons Too.'"

"Eh? Both the same name?"

"'Irvingtons' and 'Irvingtons Too,'" the mayor replied.

The colonel laughed heartily when he understood it, and said:

"And that made the Irvingtons very mad, of course."

"Mad is no name for it. They were furious. But as they were not in the city's service, the boys were not obliged to run to any fires, so they kept to themselves and stood ready to protect the mills when protection was needed. But one night one of the big mills caught fire up on the roof, or near the roof, I don't know which. The Irvingtons dashed up with their new steamer and tried to throw a stream up to the fire. They couldn't reach it by twenty or thirty feet. The 'Irvingtons Too' dashed up with the old discarded hand-pump engine and sent a stream clear over the roof, to the astonishment of the spectators and disgust of the Irvingtons. Of course they saved the mill and the laugh was on the steamer boys. It had the effect of increasing the intense dislike they felt for the boys. But that did not prevent the City Council from accepting them as regular firemen. To make the Irvingtons still madder the boys adopted the same uniform as theirs, save the letter T which was on a white heart with the I."

"They must be a gang of teasers," remarked the colonel.

"That's what they are," assented the mayor. "But that young fellow Locke is an inventive

genius. We had no hook and ladder company, so he made several ladders out of bamboo."

"Bamboo?"

"Yes, bamboo!"

"Where in thunder did he get bamboo in this country large enough to make ladders of, Hensler?" the colonel asked, with a look of incredulity.

The mayor laughed.

"You think I'm romancing—drawing the long bow—but I'm not. Locke has an old uncle living with his widowed mother who was once a New York fireman, but later a sailor and captain of a ship in the East India trade. He is a hale old salt, past seventy, and still the liveliest old sea dog you ever saw. He lives on the interest of his money, and takes care of the widowed sister. His name is Peter Burbank. Well, when old Peter heard his nephew say he was going to build some long, slender ladders for his company, he slapped him on the shoulder with force enough to almost down him, and said:

"'Shiver my old hulk, lad, but I have the very thing for you,' and then told him the old ship, which he had once been captain of, had just come into port from the East, and, as was the custom always of her crew, had brought a goodly supply of bamboo. Now, the bamboo of the East Indies and the South Sea Islands grows like trees—tall, straight and as big as a man's leg. It is strong as steel, almost, and light as pasteboard. He took Harry over to New York to the ship and showed him some of the bamboo.

Harry saw at a glance what he could do with it, and the old sea dog bought a lot of it for him. In a week's time he had three ladders made, each forty feet long. A boy could take up one and stand it against any building unaided, and a dozen of them could run up on it at once in absolute safety. The city ordered a light running truck for them, and so young Locke is foreman of both engine and hook and ladder. Ah! there's the rockets! The procession has started. I was going to tell you how young Locke dashed through a solid sheet of flame a month ago to save a young lady's poodle dog."

"Oh, come now!" said the colonel. "Don't tell me he is usch a blamed fool as that!"

"I am telling what he did. She is rich, young and beautiful, and when she was crying and wringing her hands and imploring the firemen to save her dear Flora, Harry sprang into the blazing building. Every one thought him lost. But he came out like a rocket with the dog in his arms. 'I couldn't find any one in there,' he said, as soon as he could get his breath again, 'but I ran over this dog. Whose is it?'

"'Oh, that's my darling Flora!' cried the young lady, springing forward and snatching the dog from him. Harry looked blank, the boys laughed, and he remarked: 'One on me, boys,' and went on with his work of battling against the flames. There, that is beautiful, isn't it? That's the Irvingtons, and they are a fine-looking body of men, too. They all belong to the best families in the town."

The head of the parade turned into the main street, preceded by a band of music, and came on past the stand to be reviewed by the mayor and

the distinguished guests. Each side of the street was a mass of living humanity, and cheers rolled up from them every minute or two. Torch-bearers lighted up the scene as bright as day, and the sky was filled with rockets and Roman candles.

"Here comes the Irvingtons Too!" said the mayor, as the hand-engine company appeared. "Just listen how the crowd cheers them!" and the mayor and congressman craned their necks to see what was going on to elicit such wild enthusiasm. A band of music preceded the boys, and Harry Locke, their foreman, marched right behind the musicians, trumpet in hand, stepping like an old soldier drilling.

"There he is! That's Harry!" came from hundreds, as he advanced, and a roar like that of an angry sea went up from the crowd.

As he passed the mayor's stand Harry saluted him in true military style. Ladies rose to their feet and waved handkerchiefs at him. He removed his helmet and every member behind him, though pulling the engine by the rope, did likewise.

"They seem to be a brave lot of boys," the congressman remarked to the mayor.

"They are not afraid of fire, man, or water," was the reply. "Ah! There's old Captain Burbank on the hook and ladder truck. He was a fireman fifty years ago. That's the old sea dog I was telling you about. They've surrounded him with little girls in a bank of roses. What a beautiful picture! Say, colonel, let's give 'em a cheer," and the mayor waved his hat above his head and yelled at the top of his voice, as did the congressman also.

Then followed many societies in regalia, some in carriages, some on horseback and others on foot. It was a scene never equaled in the bustling little city before. The crowd was turning away after the last club had gone by, when a band of music was heard coming down a cross street toward the grandstand. Everybody turned in that direction and saw the Irvingtons Too coming back on their way to their quarters down near the big machine shops.

Harry was still marching at the head of the boys, the band in front of him. Every window on either side of the street was filled with mothers and children eager to see and hear. Suddenly a wild, piercing shriek came from one of the windows. Harry looked up and saw a little one-year-old baby whizzing down through the air, knocking bonnets and hats off protruding heads in its descent. Quick as a flash he bounded forward, upsetting a bevy of girls on the sidewalk, and stopped under the falling infant with both hands upraised. Spectators held their breath, and every one stood still—all at a second of time. Swish! Thud!

"Here you are, little one!" exclaimed Harry. "Wanted to come down and see us on the street, didn't you?"

A baby cry told that the little thing was all right, and the crowd cheered wildly. A young woman rushed out of the house, crying:

"Oh, my baby! My baby!"

"Here she is," said Harry, holding the infant. Then the young mother fainted.

CHAPTER II.—Harry Locke Saves His Rival's Life.

Leaving the mother and baby to the care of their friends, Harry ran out into the street and sang out:

"Come on, boys! The baby is all right," and they cheered and moved on past the grandstand, the delay not having lasted over two minutes.

But the news traveled fast, and half the town knew of the saving of the baby ere they slept that night. It was nothing new for young Locke to do, but still it was something for the people to talk about. Some one carried the news to the headquarters of the aristocratic Irvingtons, where they were having a dance with their ladies in the hall over the engine.

"Oh, he is good at that—poodle dogs or babies," remarked Foreman Stanley, when he heard it. "The women and girls in that block will make a hero of him the rest of their lives because he caught a baby that fell out of a window. He likes that sort of cheap notoriety."

"Now, George," chided the young lady who was with him at the moment, "you shouldn't say that about him. He didn't know that Nellie Wingate's Flora was a dog when he went into the burning building after her, nor did any one else at the time."

"I am not sure of that," was the reply, with a shake of the head.

"Well, even if he did he showed he was not afraid of fire, didn't he?" the young lady asked.

"Oh, yes. He hasn't sense enough to know danger when he sees it."

"That is the first requisite of a good fireman, the mayor says."

"I don't think the mayor knows anything about it. He was never a fireman that I ever heard of."

"Would you go into a sheet of fire to save any one—me, for instance?" she asked him.

She was young, rich and beautiful, and he was half in love with her. He looked lovingly into her eyes and said:

"If I couldn't save you, I would die with you, Myrtis."

"Oh, that would be awful!" and she gave a shudder of horror at the thought.

"Say, George," exclaimed another fireman, coming by with a young girl on his arm, "have you heard the latest news?"

"No; what is it?" George replied.

"Locke saved a baby to-night."

"Oh, Lord, will I ever hear the last of that?" and George had a wearied look that caused his fair companion to laugh.

He was destined to hear more of it the next day, for the story was told in print. The celebration was a splendid success in every way, and everybody was more than pleased. The crowds had gone home and the streets were being cleared the next day of the debris of the fireworks, when the alarm of fire was heard coming from the third district.

Every member of both companies ran to his post. Both reached the ground about the same time, but the Irvingtons Too got the first stream of water going. It was an old frame tenement house, filled with poor people, who tried hard to save what few things they had.

"Up with the ladders, boys!" cried Harry Locke.

George Stanley ordered his up, too, and the Irvingtons had such heavy ones it took four men to raise one. Locke's were so light that any boy in his company could raise it with easy effort. As soon as the bamboo ladder touched the house Harry Locke sprang up it like a squirrel, followed by Joe Lunsford. Both went through a window in search of those who might still be in the burning building. Harry ran against an old woman, who was struggling with a huge bundle of bedclothes which she had tied up in a sheet.

"Come!" he cried, seizing her by the arm. "You must save yourself."

"Take this out," she said to him, gasping for breath in the dense smoke.

"Yes, of course; and you, too," and he seized her in his arms to bear her to the window. She resisted with all her might, but he was too strong for her. He pinioned her arms to her side by his own, and then she yelled and fainted.

"That's all right," he said, and began climbing out of the window with her. One of the boys ran halfway up and relieved him of the burden. The moment he was relieved he hurried up the ladder again and started to climb into the window.

"Come back! Come back, Harry!" yelled hundreds of people in the crowd.

The next moment he disappeared from view. The frame building burned like a tinder and was soon a mass of seething flames.

"By George, I fear it's all up with Harry this time!" said the man at the nozzle.

"George Stanley is in there, too—the foreman of the Irvingtons!" cried another.

Both companies became alarmed, and their nozzlemen guided their streams through the windows where they were last seen. Suddenly one was seen at a window under which was no ladder.

"A ladder there—quick!" cried a score at once.

Quick as a flash Jack Roper, one of the Irvingtons Too, seized a bamboo ladder and guided it under the window. No sooner had he done so than one fireman sprang out of the flames head foremost, like one diving into deep water, and came sliding down the bamboo rungs on his stomach. Another fireman was strapped on his back and utterly unconscious.

"Catch 'em! Catch 'em!" cried Jack, and two others pushed to his assistance in time to break the impetus of the slide.

Harry was gasping for breath as he lay on the ground. But the boys were yelling themselves hoarse as he was being released from his burden.

"It's George Stanley of the Irvingtons?" they cried, and the Irvingtons rushed to the spot to see their foreman lashed to the back of Harry Locke of the Irvingtons Too.

The crowd cheered frantically as the fact became known. The two firemen were borne out of reach of danger, and restoratives were used. Harry soon came to, but Stanley was like a dead man. An ambulance was sent for by a policeman, and he was taken to the City Hospital.

"Who was it?" Harry asked, as soon as he regained his bearing.

"George Stanley," replied the fireman, who was trying to get him on his feet again.

"Glad it wasn't another poodle dog," Harry

remarked. "It was the closest call I ever had. My eyebrows are gone, and all the hair outside my hat. It might have been worse, though. I stumbled over him, tried to get him on his feet, but found him like a dead man. I came near being roasted while fastening him on to my back with my asbestos coil. How is he?"

"Don't know. They've taken him to the City Hospital. Are you hurt?"

"I am at least half baked, Jack."

"Then you want to go home?"

"Yes; I am badly roasted."

"Better go to the hospital," suggested Jack Roper.

"Uncle Peter can do more for me than all the doctors in town."

Somebody called a carriage and he was placed in it. Jack never left him, but went all the way home with him, where he delivered him to his mother and old Captain Burbank. Then he hurried back to the fire. It was nearly extinguished, but the old frame building was a total loss. But the firemen had kept it from spreading and saved several lives by driving out the tenants who were trying to save their few effects.

But the heroic saving of Stanley's life by the young foreman of the boy firemen was the sensation of the hour. When Stanley's father heard that George had been taken to the hospital badly hurt he hastened there to see him. He had been brought to by the doctors, but he was suffering intense agony, and could not tell anything about how he had been saved. In fact, he knew nothing at all about it. He was lying unconscious on the floor when Harry stumbled over him.

But some of the firemen told Mr. Stanley how Harry had brought George out of the jaws of death, and he hastened to see the daring young fireman about it. He was soon at the cottage door of the Lockes. Old Peter Burbank went forward to meet him.

"Is young Harry Locke here?" Stanley asked of the old man.

"Aye, sir. He is in his bunk, the worse for his burns. Come in, sir."

"I am George Stanley's father, the young man whose life he saved at the fire. May I see him?"

"Aye, sir—this way," and he led the way into Harry's bedroom without any ceremony.

"Harry, lad," said the old man, "here's the father of the lubber you found in the fire."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Stanley," said Harry. "How is George? Have you seen him? I hope he isn't suffering as much as I am. Take a seat."

Stanley sat down in the chair which Mrs. Locke had just vacated and burst into tears. He was a generous, warm-hearted man, who loved his only son as his own life. Harry's anxious inquiry, while in agony himself, was too much for him. Old Captain Burbank exclaimed:

"Shiver my hulk!" and blew his nose on his old red silk handkerchief, wiped his eyes, blew another loud blast and swallowed a great lump that came up in his throat.

A silence of some minutes followed. Then the old seaman asked:

"Is your son badly hurt, sir?"

"He is badly burned—badly burned," said Stanley.

"But he will pull through, sir?"

"I don't know," and he shook his head. "But Harry here brought him out and gave him a chance to live," and he reached out and caught Harry's hand in his. "My lifelong gratitude shall be yours, Harry Locke, though all the world be against you."

CHAPTER III.—"Myrtis! Myrtis! Where Are You?"

When Mr. Stanley left Harry Locke's bedside that afternoon he went out prepared to defend the young foreman against all the world. He had found him brave, generous and unselfish, but with a tremendous amount of combativeness in his make-up. Of course, he returned to the hospital to see if George was any better. He found his wife and eldest daughter there. Irene Stanley was one of the social lights of the city, and very beautiful as well as accomplished. She was in tears over George's sufferings, and said to her father:

"I don't see how he can stand it."

"But for Harry Locke he would have been burnt to a crisp. Harry lashed him to his back and brought him out, and is very badly burned himself."

"That's what we heard. It was a brave, generous act on his part, and you should reward him for it, father."

"I would cut off my right hand ere I would insult him by offering him any reward."

"Is he so sensitive as that?" and she looked up quickly at him.

"He has the sensitiveness of a gentleman if not the education or refinement. But he is an unrelenting foe. The very name of his fire company tells the story of his resentment—'Irvingtons Too'—and it's a hard rub on the Irvingtons."

"But what were the Irvingtons to do? They could not admit mill men to the roll of membership."

"True," quickly replied her father; "yet it aroused the spirit of resentment. They claim that social rules should not be brought into a fire company any more than in any other city department. They say that any man who wants to serve as fireman should be allowed to do so, and it strikes me that they are right. At any rate, we owe a debt of gratitude to Harry Locke for saving George's life, and I'll let him know we appreciate his noble act."

"Oh, yes, of course. Mother and I will drive to his home and see him."

Two days later George Stanley was able to tell his story. He said he became confused, and lost his way in the blinding smoke and flame, and was feeling his way about, when some one ran against him. The next moment he received a stunning blow on the head, after which he knew no more till he came to in the hospital, suffering intense agony from burns. That was his story. When the Irvingtons heard it, nearly every one of them hinted that Harry Locke had knocked him down for the purpose of bringing him out and thus gain a cheap notoriety. But the doctors could not find any bump or contusion on his head, and decided that the blow was simply mental—imaginary—before his collapse.

On the third day Mrs. Stanley and her daughter Irene drove up to Harry's home to see him. They were admitted, and Harry welcomed them both, saying:

"Sorry we have not better or more pleasant surroundings in which to receive you. I hear that George is improving, and am glad to hear it."

"Yes, thank you," said his mother, as she stood by his bedside, "but his sufferings are awful."

"Of course they are. I guess he was worse burnt than I was. We were both lucky to get out as well as we did."

"Yes, indeed. I called to thank you as a mother for saving his life. None but a mother can know what I feel. Your own mother can, I'm sure," and she turned and looked at Mrs. Locke as she spoke.

The mother and daughter soon left and re-entered their carriage having done, as they supposed, all that was required of them by society in thus acknowledging their obligation to the youth who had saved the life of George Stanley at the risk of his own. While they had asked permission to do so, they never called again during the days that saw Harry confined to his room. Both George and Harry recovered rapidly under the circumstances, as they were young and vigorous, and inside of thirty days they were able to be with their companies again. They received many congratulations on their recovery. Harry had lost his eyebrows, but he knew they would grow out again.

"I am not running on my good looks, anyway," he remarked to a friend.

Harry was surprised that George did not call on him after he got out, but did not say so. He wondered, though, if George had not been influenced by some false story. They were destined to meet again soon in the fierce embraces of red flames. It was on a dark, stormy night, when fierce and frequent flashes of lightning illumined the city some time after midnight. The alarm of fire rang out from the fifth district, the aristocratic part of the city. Both companies hurried to the scene to find a large mansion enveloped in flames, started by a stroke of lightning. Screams were heard in several rooms on the second and third floors. Harry was the first to dash up one of the bamboo ladders and disappear through a window, which he smashed in with his trumpet.

"Save me! Oh, save me!" cried a girl in white robes, running frantically from one room to another. Harry chased her till he caught her. Just as he folded her in his arms she swooned away.

As he was bearing her he heard a voice calling:

"Myrtis! Myrtis! Where are you?" and the next moment he ran up against George Stanley. He knew his voice.

"Myrtis! Myrtis! Where is she?" Stanley cried, seizing hold of Harry.

"In the next room!" said Harry. "Get her out, quick!" and Stanley darted into the next room calling for Myrtis.

Harry rushed to the window, only to find that the fierce flames had caused it to be removed to save it. Quick as a flash he uncoiled the asbestos line round his waist, hooked it to the woodwork of the window and sprang out with the girl clasped in his left arm, holding to the line with

his right hand. When the line came taut he was jerked back against the side of the house with a thud that was heard by hundreds of spectators.

"That's Harry! Help, boys!" cried Roper, springing forward.

Harry slid down the line and landed in the arms of his friends, still clinging to the unconscious girl.

CHAPTER IV.—The Unexpected Blow.

As soon as Harry reached the ground with his unconscious burden she was taken from him and borne to a place of safety. Almost immediately he began climbing up the line again, though the window in which it was fastened was a seething caldron of flame.

"Come back, Harry!" cried Jack Roper. "For God's sake, don't go up there!"

But Harry paid no attention to him. Jack sprang up and caught him by the ankle, crying out:

"Pull him down, boys! It's death to him up there!"

Two others dashed forward to pull him down. But Jack lost his grip ere they got to him and Harry went up and plunged into the room through the open window. A cry of horror from spectators and firemen followed him.

"He is a goner!" cried Jack Roper.

"George Stanley is in there, too!" cried the Irvingtons' nozzleman, as he directed a stream of water into the next window.

As soon as he entered the room, Harry knew he could not stay there but a brief moment or two. He was looking for Stanley, satisfied that he was in peril again. A run round the room convinced him that no one was in there. Dashing out into the hall, he ran along the entire length of it to the window at the extreme end. To his surprise he found no fire there, but a great deal of smoke. Leaning far out as he could to get a breath of air, he saw Stanley lying unconscious on the roof of the extension, right under the window.

"Ah! He got here and succumbed!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if there are any more people in the house? I hear no calls from anybody," and he leaped out and landed by the side of Stanley on the roof of the extension.

His asbestos line was at the window through which he had entered, and it was utterly impossible for him to go back after it. Not a soul was around in the rear of the house to whom he could call. Suddenly he thought of his trumpet. He put it to his lips and called out in his loudest tone:

"A ladder here!"

And in a few moments he repeated it:

"Bring a ladder here!"

As both foremen were in the building, no other trumpet but one of theirs was known to be on the scene. Instantly a rush was made to the rear of the house.

"Run up a ladder here!" Harry called again.

"There they are! There they are!" burst from scores at once, as Harry was seen on the roof of the extension with George Stanley in his arms.

A bamboo ladder was quickly run up, and Jack Roper dashed up to the roof to assist him.

"Are you hurt, Harry?" Jack asked.

"No; only scorched a little. Help George down."

"Is he hurt?"

"Guess he is—or strangled by smoke."

Jack was like Harry, tough and strong. He got George on his shoulder, and ran down the ladder with him. Harry followed, and was instantly surrounded by the boys of the hook and ladder truck, saying:

"You don't go up there again!"

"Send a nozzleman up to that window and let him play on the fire in the hall."

Joe Lunsford was at the nozzle. He quickly ran up to the window and threw a stream of water the entire length of the hall. It saved the house, though a great deal of damage was done by fire, smoke and water. George Stanley was borne out to a grassy plot on the lawn to wait there for the ambulance, which was called by one of his company. A crowd gathered around him, and the police had to drive them back.

"Whose house is it?" Harry asked a bystander, when he saw that all were out and the building saved, though in a damaged condition.

"Banker Seabrooke's," was the reply, "and it was his daughter you brought down on that line."

Harry said nothing. He had heard that George Stanley was paying her a great deal of attention, and so he understood what George was calling "Myrtis!" so far up in the burning building. Just as the ambulance arrived George began to show signs of returning consciousness. The doctor who came with it used his skill to restore him and succeeded.

"Are you hurt, sir?" the doctor asked him.

"I—I don't know," he answered, looking about him in a dazed sort of way. "I—I—Oh, my God!" and he sprang to his feet like a bundle of steel springs and called out:

"Myrtis! Myrtis! Where is she?"

"Oh, she is all right, George," said one of his company. "She is out and safe."

"Thank God!" he gasped, sinkink down on the grass again.

One of the Irvingtons Too was standing by, and he added:

"Harry Locke brought her out and then went back for you."

One of the Irvingtons shoved him aside and said:

"This is no time to brag, sir."

"I am not bragging; but if you shove me again I'll put an extra head on you!" replied the indignant mill boy.

"Back there! Out of the way!" said the policeman, making way for the doctor, who was leading George to the ambulance, having made up his mind to drive him to his home.

Harry saw him and ran forward to say:

"I am glad it is no worse with you, Stanley. Hope you are not burned any."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" and Stanley stopped and glared fiercely at him for a moment or two and struck him in the face with his clenched fist.

Harry staggered backward, recovered his balance and was going to spring at him when he was caught by at least a half dozen, who held him fast while the doctor hurried Stanley away to the ambulance.

"Hands off, boys!" hoarsely cried Harry, struggling to free himself.

"Hold up, Harry, old man!" said Jack Roper, his best friend. "I don't think he knew what he was doing."

They were able to hold him.

"You can demand an explanation to-morrow, Harry," suggested one of the boys.

"Oh, let him have a go at him now!" cried another. "He knew well enough who he was."

Just then the chief of police interfered and asked what the trouble was. Some one told him, and he said:

"He may have been out of his head. You can find out all about it by waiting. If he knew what he was doing, Harry can have him arrested."

"I don't want to have him arrested," said Harry. "I can take care of myself. It was a cowardly blow, and I'll give him a thrashing for it."

"That's all right in a state of nature, Harry," said the chief, "but we have law here, and it must be obeyed. You want to look out about any violation of it."

"You are right, chief. I'll try to find out why he did it, though," and Harry turned to his own crowd and took no further notice of the Irvingtons. He remained there an hour longer to see that no danger of a rekindling of the fire existed. Then his company returned to headquarters a little before daylight.

The Irvingtons Too were justly indignant over the blow Harry had received from the other foreman. Of course none of them knew why it was done. Some of them were willing to believe that he did not know what he was doing at the time.

"You can demand an explanation to-morrow," one of them said, "and if it is not satisfactory you can have it out with him. You saved his life twice, and it's hard for me to believe he meant to hit you."

It was too late in the night for the morning papers to have any accounts of it. But the incident of the blow was known all over town before the afternoon paper came out. George Stanley was taken to his home by the ambulance, and the doctor saw him placed in bed before he left him. He told the elder Stanley of the blow, but said he knew nothing of the cause of it. He had not given it any thought.

"I heard a fireman say that young Locke had saved Miss Seabrooke's life and then your son's here," the doctor added, before leaving.

Early the next morning Mr. Stanley went in search of Harry and found him at the machine shop at work. He noticed the black eye where he had been hit. The foreman of the shop called Harry to him, saying:

"This gentleman wishes to see you a few moments."

"Mr. Stanley," said Harry, bowing.

Stanley offered his hand. Harry held up both his to show how black and soiled they were.

"I came to ask if you know why George struck you last night," Stanley said to him.

"I don't," was the reply. "I wish I did. Do you know?"

"No; and George won't talk about it. Have you no suspicions as to the cause?"

"None whatever. I brought him down unconscious, thinking I was doing him a favor, after I had saved Miss Seabrooke."

"She is the cause; he wanted to save her himself," said Mr. Stanley.

Harry laughed, but said:

"Then I'll give him a black eye when we meet again."

"I can't blame you for that. What I said is my opinion. I may be wrong."

"I guess you are right. Is her name Myrtle?"

"No; it is Myrtis."

"Well, I had her in my arms when I met him in the smoke. She had fainted, and he was calling Myrtis, and asked where she was. Not knowing anybody there but his voice, I said she was in the next room, and went on getting her out. I then went back for him. Is he sweet on her?"

"Yes—madly in love with her."

"That's the whole business, then," said Harry.

"Yes, and now let me ask you to let it drop."

Harry shook his head.

"It would ruin me with the boys," he replied.

"Will you wait two days?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," and Stanley bowed and left him.

CHAPTER V.—The Fair Visitors—The Apology.

"So a woman is at the bottom of it," said Harry to himself, after George Stanley's father had left him. "I've always heard that she is generally at the bottom of a fellow's troubles. But in this case the woman is not to blame. She didn't tell him to smash me in the face, so I have only him to thank for it—and I'll be sure to thank him, too, when I meet him again. Oh, yes, I'll thank him," and there was a tinge of bitterness in his tone as he spoke.

Harry Locke had a good deal of the savage in him with all his good qualities, and the feeling of resentment for that uncalled-for blow was bound to take root and grow until the blow had been returned. There were four other members of the Irvingtons Too working in the same shop with Harry. One of them knew the elder Stanley by sight, and in a few minutes the others knew of his visit to the young fireman. Jack Roper went to Harry and asked:

"What did the old man want, Harry?"

Harry told him.

"Wanted you to let up on George, eh?"

"Yes; but I told him I would not."

That evening, while Harry was at supper, the Stanley carriage stopped in front of the cottage, and Irene Stanley alighted and knocked on the door. Mrs. Locke opened it, and was very much astonished at seeing who her visitor was.

"Come in," she said, in her matter-of-fact way.

"I wish to see Harry if he is at home," Irene said, as she entered.

"He is at supper. Take a seat, and I'll send him in at once."

She sat down in the little parlor and waited. Harry had intended going out that evening, so he was dressed neatly and looked well.

He appeared in the little parlor, bowed low, and said:

"I assure you, Miss Stanley, that I feel highly honored by this visit."

She rose to her feet and extended her hand to him, saying:

"It is hardly in good form for young ladies to call on gentlemen, but I have done so to make friends between my brother and the brave man who twice saved his life."

"Take a seat, Miss Stanley," and he led her to the seat she had just vacated. "I assure you that I am at an utter loss to understand George's treatment of me last night. There is no love between the two fire companies, as is well known, but that is no excuse for his striking me as he did."

"Well, that's just what he says, and he sent me to tender an apology. He says he doesn't know why he did it. He was dreadfully confused at the time, and seems to be very much at odds with himself about it. He has been confined to his room all day, or he would have called on you himself. I told him it was a shame and that I would call on you myself. Knowing that you were at the shot all day, I called at this hour to make sure of seeing you."

"It was kind of you, I am sure," Harry replied.

"You will forgive him, will you not?"

"I am bound to accept his apology. That is something a gentleman is always bound to do."

"Yet you do not forgive him in your heart, Harry Locke," and she laid a hand on his arm. "Forgive him for his sister's sake. He is my only brother."

"Yes—for your sake. No man could refuse you."

"You don't know how happy you have made me, Harry," she said, "for I had such a horror of a hostile meeting. You have saved his life twice, and the fact that he struck you is enough to disgrace him as a man. But he had just come out of a faint and did not know what he was doing."

"There will be no hostile meeting between us, Miss Stanley," said Harry. "For your sake I shall say nothing about it to any one, though some people may say I am a coward."

A knock at the front door interrupted them. A minute or so later Mrs. Locke ushered Mrs. Seabrooke and her daughter into the little parlor.

"Oh, Myrtis!" cried Irene, springing up and greeting the young lady as only young ladies do. "I am so glad you have come! I am sure we can't thank Harry too much."

Myrtis disengaged herself from Irene's arms and looked up at Harry with an expression of eager inquiry in her eyes, and asked:

"Are you Harry Locke?"

"Yes," he replied, bowing low to her.

She put out both hands to him. He caught both in his.

"I owe you my life," she went on. "I am Myrtis Seabrooke, whom you rescued from the flames last night."

"I am glad I did so. Heaven knows it is happiness enough to have one like you in my debt," and he held her hands and looked down into her face, beautiful as a picture. "May the life I saved always be happy and beautiful, and long live to make others happy."

"May God bless your life, too, Harry Locke!"

said Mrs. Seabrooke. "She is all I have in the world."

"And he is all I have," said Harry's mother, her eyes swimming in tears.

Clang! Clang! The great Irvington fire bell rang out an alarm for the second district. Quick as a flash, Harry caught Irene in his arms, gave her a bearlike hug, kissed her on the lips, and bounded out of the house like a rocket. Irene uttered a scream and sank down in a seat. Myrtis screamed with laughter, and the two mothers had a good smile over the incident. As for Irene, she was shocked only because Myrtis and her mother had been witnesses of the action.

"He came near breaking my ribs," she remarked. "Does he do all the girls that way, Mrs. Locke?"

"I never knew him to kiss a girl before," Mrs. Locke replied.

"Well, I really feel jealous," persisted Myrtis. "He never noticed me at all. You got here ahead of me. You always were sly, Irene."

She teased her till her mother suggested that they go, and all four rose to their feet. Mrs. Seabrooke spoke tenderly of Harry to his mother, saying if ever he or she needed a friend, Mr. Seabrooke could be depended upon under all circumstances. As she shook hands with her, Myrtis put an arm around her neck and kissed her in a way that won her heart. Irene merely shook her hand at leaving.

The fire was in an old warehouse and it burned fiercely. The chief of the department saw after a while that it would be necessary to blow up a couple of adjacent structures to save the business district, and they did so. Then he saw how earnestly Harry and his boys were working to save property and he appointed him as his aide in managing the fire. Of course it created a certain amount of enmity among the men of the Irvington fire company, but no conflict occurred between the rival companies, and the fire was soon under control. When he arrived home his mother was awaiting him, and while in conversation with his mother she told him she thought that Miss Stanley was offended at him for kissing her. He admitted he was rather hasty, and soon set forth for the shop.

Two days after the firebell clanged again for a fire in a private residence. Harry heard a scream in the voice of a woman and started for the place it emanated from, but suddenly ran against young Stanley, who grabbed him by the throat and hissed:

"Harry Locke, you insulted my sister. For that you die!" and gave him a shove over the stairway banisters of the building. Harry fell to the floor below, and as that floor was nearly burned through it gave way and the boy fell into the cellar. He ran to a rear grating, pushed it up, got out and went home.

Resting a while, he started out and met Jack Roper, who thought him dead. Roper said Stanley was in the hospital.

"Well, let's go up there," said Harry. "I want to ask him a question."

They went. The Stanleys were there with George. When George saw Harry he gave a shriek and swooned away. Then Harry took Mr. Stanley aside and told him all about his experi-

ence. Mr. Stanley felt awful over the affair. Harry and Jack shortly left the hospital and went to their homes.

CHAPTER VI.—The Stanleys—Father and Daughter.

Of course everybody was glad when it became known that Harry Locke had escaped alive from the fire the night before. George Stanley was quite badly burned, and brain fever set in when he recovered from his swoon at the hospital. On his return home from the shop at noon Harry was met by Mr. Stanley, who said to him:

"I have called to tell you that George has brain fever, is out of his head, and constantly denies that he did it. I have no doubt whatever that your charge is true; nor do I doubt that George was not himself when he met you in that fire. Now, my young friend, you have already placed us under a debt of eternal gratitude for having saved his life. Will you not add a little more to that debt by saving his good name by your silence?"

"Yes, sir. I will do my best to do so," Harry replied. "I'll see Jack, mother and Uncle Peter and have them say nothing about it."

"There are not many such generous men like you, Harry Locke," said the old banker. "We shall always honor you for what you are—a brave, true man. You can hardly know how much we love George. His sister worships him, but says she wishes he was like you in some things."

"I am proud to have her good opinion, sir," Harry said. "My mother told me the other day she thought I had offended her. I would go and deliberately leap to death in a fire trap rather than do so. Will you tell her so, sir?"

"Yes; but I am sure your mother was mistaken. I know she is not offended in any way. She is with him up at the hospital now. What will you say when people ask you about what George means when he talks as he does in his delirium?"

"Why, I'd ask if a man out of his head can mean anything," Harry replied.

"You don't know how much I appreciate your conduct, Locke. I'll see you again in a day or two."

Harry shook his hand and went in to dinner.

Just as he finished dinner a knock at the front door sent the widow to it. Jack Roper was there—and Miss Stanley was just alighting from her carriage. Harry heard Jack's voice and went to meet him. Irene Stanley reached the door at the same time he did. She ran in, embraced Mrs. Locke and kissed her, saying:

"Oh, I'm so glad your brave Harry is alive! I know you are, too, and proud of what the papers have said about him."

"Come in and sit down," said Mrs. Locke, leading the way into the plainly-furnished little parlor.

She and Harry followed. Jack made his way into the dining room where old Captain Burbank was still at the table. She sat down and said to Harry:

"I've just come from the hospital, where poor brother George is raving like a maniac with brain fever. Did you see him at the fire last night?"

"Yes," and Harry nodded his head.

"Did you speak to him, or he to you?"

"Yes."

"What passed between you?" and the eager look in her eyes told of something that puzzled him. He looked straight at her and asked:

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I am sure something has happened between you which I ought to know—one my only brother, and the other the man who twice saved his life."

Mrs. Locke, knowing what had happened between Harry and George, left the room to relieve her of the embarrassment of her presence. Irene was grateful to her for doing so.

"You must keep nothing back from me, Harry Locke," she said. "I'd die for my brother, and you—you are the bravest and most generous of men, whom I respect as much as I do my own father."

"Yet you were very angry with me when I forgot myself the other day and kissed you," he remarked.

"Angry! Who said I was angry?" and she seemed ever so much surprised.

"Were you not?" he asked.

"No. I was pleased," and she blushed and looked so innocently demure he leaned over and looked into her eyes.

"Mother said she thought you were offended," he said, in a half whisper.

"I was not, and if you will be frank and tell me what happened between you and George at the fire I—I—will kiss you myself."

Then he told her, saying also that he had told her father, and that Jack Roper, his mother and Uncle Peter also knew it.

"But they will also keep it a secret," he added.

"And you?" she asked, her face as white as a sheet.

He took her hand in his and said:

"I will do just what you wish me to do."

Quick as a flash both her arms were around his neck and her lips against his. She kissed him a half dozen times, and then as quickly released him.

"Now I must give 'em all back to you," he said, and he did.

When he released her the whiteness had given way to roses in her cheeks.

"You are an angel!" he said. "I could die for the love of a woman like you."

"Do you love me, Harry?" she asked.

"As my own soul!" and he caught her in his arms. "Can you love me, Irene?"

"I—I don't know, Harry. I am going to try. I know that I admire you, and that you have the very qualities I have always desired in a lover or a husband. I've never been in love, and if I can love you, I will tell you so and marry you."

"That is all I could ask. Oh, I'll win your love if mortal man can," and he placed her hand to his lips.

"I must go now. I knew that something had happened and could not stand the suspense," and he saw her out to her carriage, assisted her in and said:

"Let us hear how George is."

"Yes, certainly," she replied.

The carriage drove off, and he stood there and

gazed after it till it was out of sight. Then he turned and re-entered the house.

"She's a beauty, isn't she?" said Jack, meeting him at the door.

"Yes, she is."

They hurried back to the machine shop, and found that they were a half hour late. That evening, when he returned home, Harry's mother told him that Myrtis Seabrooke had been to see her, and that when she heard he was yet alive, broke down and cried for joy.

"She is the sweetest and most tender-hearted girl I ever met," she added. "Miss Stanley seems to me to be too artificial in her ways. She is not as true as Miss Seabrooke."

"They are very beautiful, though, and are great friends," he replied.

Then Harry and Jack went to their work. That evening they were at the engine house talking with the boys when—

Boom! The engine house rocked under the concussion of an explosion somewhere that shook the entire city. Every fireman looked wonderfully at each other.

"Be ready for the call, boys!" cried Harry and instantly every man was at his post waiting for the first tap of the alarm bell.

CHAPTER VII.—Oil and Water.

In about one minute the alarm came. The fire-boys made a dash and were off like an avalanche down the street. Harry was just ahead of them, trumpet in hand, running at full speed. He counted the strokes of the bell as he ran, and found it was in the third district. He turned in that direction, and the boys went thundering after him. To his surprise the explosion had taken place in a big building in which a certain line of patent medicine was manufactured.

The building was not only a wreck but in flames from one end to the other. Some kind of liquid was burning, like alcohol, making a most intense heat, sending up twisted tongues of flame fifty feet high.

"Water is useless on that fire!" Harry sang out through his trumpet to his boys. "Save the building on the left there!" and Joe Lunsford turned the stream against the side of the next building on the left. He sent the stream zigzagging all over the side of the building.

The Irvingtons came up on a run with their splendid steamer, and turned on a stream just two minutes later than the boys did. Harry ran up to the new foreman of the Irvingtons and said:

"That's some kind of oil burning in there. Water goes through it without having any effect on it. You had better try to save that building on the right over there."

"Has the mayor placed you in command again?" the foreman asked.

"No. I thought it my duty to let you know it," Harry replied.

"Well, when I want information from you I'll ask for it."

"Very well. I beg your pardon," and Harry bowed and returned to his side of the fire and stood by to direct the energies of his boys.

The Irvingtons played on the fire instead of the building on the right. The building soon caught on fire and another conflagration ensued. Not until the side of the house was all aflame did Foreman Ketcham order a stream to be turned on it. On the left Harry had the side of the building streaming all the time so that not a spark started from it.

"Here! Here!" cried hundreds of spectators to him. "Water here! The fire is spreading!"

"I am taking care of this side," replied Harry through his trumpet. "The Irvingtons don't need any help from us!"

The result was that the two buildings on the right were consumed. The one on the left, and five others beyond it, were saved. But the oil and other inflammable liquids in the wrecked laboratory burned fiercely until it was all consumed. Water had no effect on the oil, as the latter floated on top and burned itself out.

It was an all-night job for the firemen, and hundreds of spectators remained to see the end of it. Not until sunrise did the firemen dare leave the spot, and then they were tired out from hard work and loss of sleep. They all had to go to bed and sleep during the greater part of the day. When Harry awoke he found a message from the mayor of the city awaiting him.

"Come to my office as soon as you can," was all the note contained, and he lost no time in complying with the request. He found the mayor in conference with the city attorney.

"Ah! Here's Locke now!" the mayor exclaimed on seeing him. "Here, Locke, come over here and sit down. I want to have you tell us about that fire last night. Mr. Campbell, who owned the two buildings that were burned alongside the laboratory, says you deliberately refused to throw a stream of water on either of his houses, and that therefore he has a claim for damages against the city. What about it?"

Harry was dumfounded for a moment or two, and didn't know what to say to the charge.

"I did refuse to leave the building on the left which I was keeping under a shower bath to go to the one on the right. There were six buildings in all on my side to be saved, and only two on the other side. When I got there I saw that oil was feeding the fire. I knew that oil would float on water and continue to burn, so I turned my stream on the Hunter Building to prevent it from spreading in that direction. Seeing the Irvingtons throwing water on the oil, I went to their foreman and told him it was oil in there and suggested that he try to save the building on the right. He asked me if the mayor had placed me in command again. I said no, but had thought it my duty to tell him what I did. He remarked that when he wanted my advice he would ask for it. I then left him and returned to my own side of the fire. He could have saved the Campbell building had he turned the water on it sooner than he did."

The mayor and city attorney were astonished. They asked Harry to swear to what he had said, and he did so. Edwin Ketcham, who was acting as foreman of the Irvingtons at the fire, was sent for. He came, and Harry's statement was read to him.

"Yes, that is about correct," he said.

"You admit that he told the truth about it, do you?" the mayor asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Why did you not try to save the Campbell property as he suggested?"

"I did try; but it burned like so much straw."

"It was a frame building?"

"Yes."

"Just the same as the Hunter building on the other side?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"How is it that one was lost and the other saved, then?"

Ketcham shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Such things happen often."

"Don't you think you could have saved the Campbell building by doing just as the other company did?"

"Possibly. It is a matter of opinion."

"Well, the opinion of the public is going to make you feel ashamed of yourself. My opinion is that you are about as competent to be a foreman in a fire company as a mule is for teaching school."

"I didn't come here to be insulted, Mr. Mayor."

"You are not insulted, sir. I don't think your intellect keen enough to perceive right or wrong."

Ketcham went away, and immediately resigned his membership in the Irvingtons, saying he would not serve as long as Hensler was mayor of Irvington. That evening the Irvingtons met at their quarters and talked the matter over. Some of them were for disbanding at once. But others said it was useless to fight and defy public opinion—that no sane man would believe the Campbell buildings could not have been saved, for the Hunter buildings were saved.

"We made the mistake of pouring water on burning oil," said one of them. "It is humiliating, but we must admit the error."

"Yes, and let Ketcham resign. He ought to have known better."

That brought on a wrangle that lasted the greater part of the night. The end of it was that Ketcham's resignation was accepted and another foreman elected to serve until George Stanley was able to resume the duties of the place.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Silver Trumpet.

The resignation of Ketcham and the causes that led to it created a deep interest throughout the city. Everybody praised Harry Locke and condemned Ketcham. Harry's statement was made public, and every one could easily see that jealousy was the prime cause of the trouble. Harry was praised on all sides as a cool, level-headed fireman, and there was a good deal of talk about organizing a fire department and placing him at the head of it.

"We want two more fire companies," said Mayor Hensler. "The city is too large for only two," and steps to organize the two new ones were taken at once.

In the meantime steps were being taken to organize a fair for raising money to buy a lot and build new quarters for the Irvingtons Too. Business men promptly subscribed to the fund, when called upon. Bankers Stanley and Se-

brooke subscribed liberally, for Harry had saved the lives of George Stanley and Myrtis Seabrooke. A large hall was secured and the work went rapidly.

In the meantime George Stanley lay at the point of death at the hospital. His parents and sister were unremitting in their attendance upon him. Harry called every day at the hospital to inquire about him, but did not ask to see him. He thought it best not to again appear before him until he was well and strong. But each time he called he learned that Irene Stanley was upstairs with George, and he wondered she did not come down and speak to him. One day Myrtis Seabrooke was there, and she ran down to see him. She gave him both her hands, with a bright smile on her face, saying:

"I am always glad to see you, Harry."

She blushed and looked so innocent as she spoke; he held her hands in his for a minute or two. Then he asked if Irene was up there with George.

"Yes," she replied; "she is talking with Edwin Ketcham, though."

"Ah! Is he up there?"

"Yes; he came here with her. They are old sweethearts, you know."

"No, I didn't know it," he said, striving hard to keep up a good face.

"Oh, yes. They were engaged once, and then they had a quarrel and the engagement was broken."

Harry went away with a heavy heart, and during the whole day he never spoke unless spoken to by some one. That evening Myrtis Seabrooke sent her coachman to his home with a note and a beautiful silver trumpet. His name and hers, with the date of his saving her life, were engraved on it.

"Dear Mr. Locke," she wrote, "I ordered this trumpet for you soon after my recovery from the shock received at the burning of our house. It came to-day, and I hasten to send it to you, hoping you will receive it and use it for saving other lives. I cannot command language to convey to you my real feelings of gratitude, or the sincere respect I have for the manly qualities you so well illustrate, both as a man and a fireman. I shall attend the firemen's fair and do all in my power to make it a complete success."

"Sincerely your friend,

"MYRTIS SEABROOKE."

"Ah! What a beauty this is!" Harry exclaimed, as he looked at the bright silver trumpet. "As beautiful as she is good and beautiful. Tell her I am so upset I can't write a reply to her note now, but will do so as soon as my heart stops fluttering. Say I am grateful to her for this."

"Yes," said old Captain Burbank, looking it over and then turning to the coachman, "tell her that I say if he isn't grateful enough I'll give him a rope's end till he is."

The coachman laughed and went away to tell his young mistress what he had seen and heard. Harry was so proud of the trumpet he could not finish his supper, so eager was he to take it to headquarters and let the boys see it. They were loud in their praises of it and the beautiful donor.

Before he retired that evening, Harry sat down at the table in the dining room and wrote:

"Dear Miss Seabrooke:

"The beautiful silver trumpet you sent me is a gem—like yourself. And the kind words you were pleased to send with it have all lodged deep in my heart. Like you, I have no language in which to sufficiently express myself; but I will do my best and say that nothing has ever happened in my life that gives me so much satisfaction as this token of your appreciation of my work as a fireman. I shall try to use it always so as to retain your good opinion of me—to call my brave comrades to battle for life and property—and I am sure that, even in the midst of devouring flames, as I hold it to my lips, I shall think of its donor.

Sincerely yours,

"HARRY LOCKE."

He sent it by mail the next morning, hoping she would kindly look over any mistakes he may have made in the composition or writing. A few days later the fair opened and crowds thronged the hall day and night. Every evening the Irvingtons Too were on hand in full uniform, and Harry was the lion of the hour. He carried the silver trumpet in his left hand all the time. On the first evening Myrtis Seabrooke and a bevy of her society friends came and bought things, only to sell them again for the fair. She was very rich and could afford to do so. Harry saw her in the throng and made his way to her. She greeted him cordially and introduced him to her friends. They were delighted to find him well educated and with gentlemanly manners.

"Oh, here comes Nellie, girls!" cried Myrtis, as a beautiful young lady advanced, leaning on the arm of an elderly man.

They all turned to look at her. Harry turned red in the face as his eyes met hers, for she was Nellie Wingate, whose poodle dog he had risked his life to save, thinking it was a human being in the flames. He had made some remark about it which offended her, and she had pronounced him a low fellow. She looked at him, laughed, and said:

"Mr. Locke, I have come here just to show you that I appreciate brave firemen even if they do say rude things about me."

"Thank you, Miss Wingate," Harry replied. "Were I to hear one say a rude thing about you I'd turn the hose on him till he begged for quarter."

"Oh, dear, I am so glad to hear that," and she laughed merrily. "I was so afraid you'd never forgive me for that stupid mistake."

"It wasn't I who made the mistake," he said, joining in the laugh. "I forgave you long ago, but have never forgiven myself."

By and by Harry had a chance to be alone with Myrtis Seabrooke, when he thanked her again for the trumpet.

"You wrote me such a lovely note," she said. "I have read it a dozen times, and each time it seemed more beautiful than before. I was just too surprised for anything when I read it, and mother said she guessed you didn't make it all up by yourself. Did you?"

"Yes," and he smiled; "and I was very much afraid you would think meanly of it."

"No, indeed! I don't know a gentleman among all my acquaintance who could write such a beautiful note."

"I am afraid you are joking me," he remarked.

"Joke the man who saved my life! Do you really think me capable of doing such a thing?"

"I see no harm in it even if you should do so—only a little pleasantry."

"I wouldn't do such a thing."

A little later he asked if she had heard how George Stanley was doing.

"He is improving fast," she said. "As soon as he is able to travel they are going to send him to Europe, I believe."

"And that will break your heart," he remarked.

She laughed and said:

"No, indeed."

"Is any one of the family going with him?" he asked.

"I think not. He will be accompanied by a physician, I believe."

"Do you know whether Miss Stanley will visit our fair?"

"I don't think she will. She seems to think it her duty to stay by her brother rather than visit where he is not liked."

"But her father subscribed largely to the fund."

"Yes, and both she and George think that is as much as could well be expected of them. I think George will resign from the Irvingtons as soon as he gets up, for I heard him say that Edward Ketcham was right in doing so."

"Well, I am sorry they feel that way. It is unfortunate. But I am surprised to hear that Miss Stanley entertains any feelings of resentment toward us."

"Oh, she loves George, and naturally feels as he does."

"But he, of all men, should not hate us that way. He sent an apology to me once, and then, to my amazement, met me as an enemy."

"I heard him say he never sent you an apology," said Myrtis, who little dreamed the effect her words would have.

Harry started and asked:

"Are you sure you heard him say that, Miss Seabrooke?"

"Yes—sure. But why? What's the matter?"

"Pardon me. I'll tell you some day, but I can't

CHAPTER IX.—Harry Is Made Fire Chief.

The fair was a great success in every way. All the city officials visited it every evening during the week and spent money liberally. Hundreds of the rich families came in carriages, and the beautiful daughters of fashion mingled with the throng and flirted with the fireboys. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley came, but Irene and George never put in an appearance, nor did any of the Irvingtons save two.

Myrtis Seabrooke never missed an evening, and Harry was at her side all the time she was there. On the fourth evening she asked him to tell her why he was so surprised when she told him she had heard George Stanley say he had sent him no apology for the blow he had given him.

"I am glad you have asked me," he said, "but I must ask you to keep secret what I shall tell you."

"Oh, yes, of course," she replied.

"Well, Miss Stanley herself came to me and said her brother had sent her to tender his apology for the blow. For her sake I agreed to let it drop there. You can understand my surprise now, can you not?"

"Yes, and I can understand why she did that. She was awfully uneasy for fear you would beat George to death when you met him again."

"But she told a falsehood."

"Yes—to save her brother."

"And made me appear as a coward. I can never forgive her."

"But you won't attack George on account of it, will you?"

"No; I shall treat him with contempt—and her, too!"

"My are you angry about it?"

"I am certainly not angry with you," he answered. "I can now understand why she has not honored us with her presence," and there was just the least bit of a tinge of bitterness in his voice as he spoke.

"I am sorry I told you so much," Myrtis remarked.

"You did it in the innocence of your heart," he replied. "You have saved me from making a fool of myself, for which I am truly grateful. On Saturday night we are to have a dance after the fair is over. Will you remain till that hour?"

"Yes. I am very fond of dancing."

"Will you honor a poor boy like me with your hand in just one dance?"

"Yes; a dozen if you wish it."

"I do wish it, for I want to get even with George Stanley in some way."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, it would break his heart if he knew you had so honored me."

"Is that why you asked me to dance with you?"

"No, no! Yet you would add sweetness to my revenge."

"Are you vindictive?"

"I fear I am. I am intensely human. I can hate savagely and love desperately, fearing no man on earth and not afraid to do my duty."

She looked up at him with an expression of admiration in her eyes, and thought what a lover he would be.

"Have you ever loved?" she asked him, in a soft way, leaning on his arm and looking shyly up into his face.

He looked down at her in an inquiring manner and was going to speak when a party of young people interrupted him.

"Oh, Mr. Locke!" cried Emma Crenshaw, a daughter of an alderman, "papa has just come in and says the council has elected you fire chief and accepted two more fire companies."

"My!" exclaimed Myrtis. "I've a mind to leap up on to a table and call for three cheers!"

"Don't do it," said Harry. "Hold on to me and keep me from making a fool of myself."

She laughed and said she would congratulate him, anyhow.

"Thank you a thousand times," he replied. "Hello! Somebody is going to speak! It's the mayor himself. Didn't know he was here."

"My friends," called out the mayor from the platform at the other end of the room, "give me your attention a few moments while I tell you a bit of news. Since the last fire the council has been busy organizing two more fire companies. They were completed to-night, and a fire department created with Harry Locke as fire chief."

Jack Reper gave a yell, and the vast crowd in the great hall burst forth in a wild cheer. Ladies waved fans and handkerchiefs, and all eyes were turned on Harry.

"Oh, you'll have to make a speech," said Myrtis.

"I'd rather leap into a fire than do that," he said.

"Locke, Locke!" cried the crowd, and a rush was made for him.

He was seized and borne away, Myrtis Seabrooke barely escaping the crush by running away from him. In a few moments they had him up on the platform. There the audience cheered, and the band played for several minutes, after which the mayor waved his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the mayor, "I have the honor of presenting you the first fire chief of the City of Irvington—Mr. Harry Locke."

The cheering broke forth anew and was kept up for some minutes. Harry stood facing them like a frightened schoolboy. Suddenly he raised the silver trumpet to his lips and sang out:

"Silence!"

It startled every one in the hall and an instant hush fell upon the audience. Even Harry himself seemed surprised at the effect of his act. He held up the beautiful trumpet and said:

"It's a dandy, isn't it?"

Then the cheering and laughter broke out again worse than ever.

"Silence!" came from the trumpet again, and again silence ensued.

"This is worse than a fire, my friends," he said. "I was never so frightened in my life as at this moment," and the crowd laughed and cheered him. "I know I am worse scared than hurt, and ought to be ashamed to be so frightened in a crowd where every one seems to be my friend. I am honored far beyond my desert. I am not yet of age, and still the city fathers have honored me, and the mothers and daughters of the city have smiled upon me. I confess a swelling of the heart, and fear a rising in the head." The crowd laughed and cheered. Turning to the Irvingtons Too, who had crowded up in front of him, he added:

"For God's sake, club me, boys, when you see my head swelling. I want to do my whole duty to the city and the brave firemen who risk their lives to save life and property. Here in your presence, I pledge my honor to be strictly impartial in my dealings with firemen, and nothing in the past will be treasured up against any man."

The mayor sprang to his feet, exclaiming in a loud voice:

"Those are the sentiments of a brave and generous heart. Three cheers for Fire Chief Locke!"

The cheers shook the building and were heard blocks away from the hall. Harry bowed right and left and then resumed his speech.

Immediately after finishing his speech the fire-bell rang out. In the excitement which followed

Myrtis Seabrooke was nearly crushed by the rushing people. She fainted. Harry picked her up, took her down to a carriage and ordered the driver to his residence. Arriving there he carried her in and left her with his mother, after explaining what had happened. Then he hurried to the scene of the fire. Myrtis on coming to missed her diamonds—a cross and solitaire. Evidently they had been lost in the excitement at the hall. Myrtis Seabrooke's driver came for her and she was driven to her folks.

When the fire was out Harry proceeded to his home, thinking Myrtis was there; when near there he was accosted by two policemen who told him he was under arrest, accused by Miss Seabrooke, who had lost her diamonds while in his company. Harry was taken to the station and locked up. When the mayor heard of it he was indignant, and ordered Harry's release at once pending the solution of the affair. Myrtis on hearing of Harry's arrest went at once to his home and denied absolutely that she had accused him.

Harry saw the mayor and a detective by the name of Hawkes was placed on the case. The next evening as the boys were all congregated in the firehouse Hawkes appeared and asked Harry to come with him as he had an idea he could catch the thief who had stolen the diamonds. They were going to arrest Danny, the leader of a gang called the Brewery Gang. Harry had stated he was in the hall at the time of the excitement.

CHAPTER X.—The Young Fire Chief's Fair Visitor.

On their way to the old brewery corner, Harry and the detective went in advance of the others. Hawkes was partly in disguise, so as not to be recognized by the gang under the street lights. Harry did not seek to avoid recognition. He was hopping mad, and wanted Danny to recognize him. The other fire boys were to come along by twos and threes so as not to alarm the gang, but to be in hailing distance if needed by Harry and Hawkes. The corner was soon reached, and to the surprise of both, not one of the gang was in sight.

"That's strange," said Hawkes, looking around him. "They are here at this hour every evening."

They walked down another block to an old frame building, in which a man named McGuire kept a saloon for the lowest characters in the town. From the noise in there it was plain that quite a crowd was present.

"We don't want to go in there," the detective said. "There are so many present, the ones we want might get away. Let's go back and wait for them. They will return here from force of habit," and so they went back to the old brewery corner.

The detective was right. Half an hour later the gang came up—seven in all—and took possession of the corner. Danny at once recognized Harry, and sang out:

"Hello, boys! Here's the fire chief! How are you, Harry?" and he went up to Harry and extended his hand.

"I am all right," said Harry. "I am here to get that ring and cross you got on the stairs at the hall last night."

"Wha—what do you mean? I didn't get any ring or cross last night."

"Yes, you did, Danny, and it's pony up or go to jail. Which is it?"

"It's neither!" and the young tough stepped back into the midst of the others with him.

Hawkes drew his revolver and said:

"Then it's a dead thief you are, sure!" and he covered him with the weapon.

The gang made a rush. The revolver was discharged in the air, and the next moment the seven were crowding Harry and the detective. Harry gave the signal, and the fire boys came like so many young tigers. The gang fought desperately, but so did the fireboys, and inside of two minutes five of the seven were captured—Danny among them.

"Now, out with 'em, Danny," said Harry, holding out his hands for the jewels.

"I ain't got 'em," growled the young thief.

"Hold up your hands."

He wouldn't, and Detective Hawkes rapped him on the head with his revolver, saying:

"What's the use of that? Hold up your hands!"

The hands went up and Harry proceeded to search him. He sprang back and turned pale. Harry sprang at him and downed him with a stunning blow between the eyes. Ere he could recover, Harry had searched the pockets of his clothes. How quickly it was done the thief never knew, but when he recovered, Harry had the ring, cross, and a gold watch which he had found on him. Hawkes slipped a pair of steel bracelets on his wrists, against which he tugged and pulled with fierce imprecations.

"You see, I knew you had 'em, Danny," Harry said to him, "but I didn't know you had this watch. Whose is it?"

"Mine," was the reply.

"Bosh! You would have worn it in your vest pocket if it had been yours. Keep your eyes on the others, boys. They are all birds of a feather."

The others protested that they had done no wrong, and that nobody had any right to interfere with them.

"You'll all go to the station with us, anyway," said Harry.

"What for?" they demanded.

"Just for fun," Harry answered.

"Well, we'll have some fun with you some day, and don't you forget it!"

"That's all right. Come on and let the fun begin now," and Harry and Hawkes led the way with Danny between them.

At the station Harry made the charge against Danny for stealing the ring and cross, handing over the jewels to the captain as evidence. The others were searched, and two of them were found with articles believed to have been stolen. They were all three locked up and the others turned loose. As soon as that was done, Harry hurried to the residence of the Seabrookes. He did not ask for Myrtis, but called for Mrs. Seabrooke. She came to the door and greeted him rather stiffly, thinking he was making a social call.

"Mrs. Seabrooke," he said, bowing with great

deference, "I have called to inform you that tonight a thief was arrested and your daughter's ring and cross taken from him."

"Oh, my! I am so glad to hear it! Where are they now?"

"The thief is locked up at police headquarters, and the captain has the jewelry in his safe for identification."

"I thank you ever so much for coming to tell us about it," she said, making a motion to shut the door.

Harry bowed and turned away without even saying good night to her. His face was pale, teeth set, and eyes flashing as he strode away.

"They are all alike," he muttered, as he walked briskly away. "The mothers of rich girls don't like to have them even know a poor boy. She was not even courteous enough to ask me to come in. I would not have done so, but that does not make the matter any more pleasant. Had Myrtis been there, she would have invited me in and asked many questions about the arrest."

He went home and retired, heartsick over the way he had been treated. The next day he resigned his place in the machine shop, as the salary of chief of the fire department was more than double the wages he was earning there. He was to be sworn into office that day and don the uniform of the position to which he had been elected. When he was sworn in, notice of the disbandment of the Irvington fire company was handed to the mayor, who turned it over to Harry, saying:

"There's something that needs your immediate attention. What are you going to do about it?"

"Call for volunteers to take their places. They have the right to resign, and I am glad they have done so, as they would have made trouble all the time."

"I guess you are right. Go ahead, and let's see what sort of a fire service you can give us."

"I am going to do my best, sir."

"That is all a man can do," the mayor replied.

Harry was given an office in the City Hall, and he was allowed an assistant. He asked Jack Roper to take that place, but Jack said he preferred to be foreman of the Irvingtons Too Fire Company, so Joe Lunsford was given the place.

"The fire department is entirely in the hands of boys now," sneered some of the Irvingtons, when they heard the news.

"Yes," retorted Harry, "they seem to be the only genuine firemen in the town. I shall issue orders to the boys to exert themselves to save the ex-members of the Irvington Fire Company in case of danger. They burn easily, and unless extra vigilance is exercised they would be lost."

The entire city laughed at the retort, and the Irvingtons kept quiet after that. Harry organized another company, and gave them the old name of Irvingtons. They are all mill men—sturdy, hardy fellows, who could endure fatigue and cold and hunger like old veterans. It was all done inside of one week, and then Harry made up his mind to have a parade of the four companies to let the citizens see what sort of protectors they had. He had announced his intention, and was writing out the programme in his office when a lady entered. He sprang up and offered her a chair. She threw back her veil, and

Harry recognized the beautiful face of Myrtis Seabrooke.

"As you won't come to see me, I have come to see you," she said, offering her hand.

"I called once, but could get no further than the door," he replied, grasping her hand and leading her to the chair he had placed for her. "But I am glad of it since it has brought me the honor and pleasure of seeing you in my office."

"You can say such nice things, it's a pleasure to meet you," she laughed. "I am so glad you have been made fire chief. I think you have won the promotion fairly."

"Thank you," and he bowed. "You can say nice things, too, and in such a nice way," and they both laughed.

But she stopped suddenly and said:

"I have come to tell you something and ask you a question. Irene Stanley and I don't speak to each other any more, and we used to be such good friends, too."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Harry.

"She told me she believed you stole my ring and cross, and I gave her such a scolding she has not spoken to me since. She told Nellie Wingate that I had actually asked you to marry me, and that you had refused, and—"

"Good Lord!" gasped Harry.

"Nellie told me so, and so I have come here to ask you to write Nellie a letter denying it."

"Yes—yes, and I will write even more than that," said he. "Will she let Miss Stanley see the letter?"

"Yes. They are great friends."

Harry sat down at his desk, and wrote for fully ten minutes. He was not a rapid writer, but he wrote good forcible English. Just as he finished it the mayor himself entered the office.

CHAPTER XI.—Myrtis Reveals Her Secret to Harry's Mother.

The mayor's family was very intimate with the Seabrookes, and Myrtis was quite a favorite of his.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, on seeing her. "I am glad to see you, Myrtis. How is it you never drop into my office?"

"Because I have no business that calls me there," she replied. "I had business with the fire department to-day."

The mayor laughed, and went out a few moments later. Harry then handed her the letter he had written, saying:

"Please see if that will do."

She read it and said:

"Yes, and I thank you ever so much for it. Will you mail it to her?"

"Yes. Have you Miss Wingate's address with you?"

"Yes—here it is," and she handed him a slip of paper on which she had penciled Nellie Wingate's address.

"Pardon me for thus addressing you," the letter read, "but I am impelled thereto by a bit of news I have just heard, to the effect that Miss Stanley had told you that Miss Seabrooke had

proposed marriage to me, and that she, Miss Stanley, had heard me say so. It is not true that she proposed to me, nor that I so told Miss Stanley or any one else. It is a slanderous falsehood from beginning to end. Please do Miss Seabrooke the justice to show this to any one you may hear repeat the ridiculous story.

"Most respectfully,

"HARRY LOCKE."

"It's a beautiful letter," said Myrtis, as she saw him seal it up on his desk.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do."

"Can you wait just a minute or two longer, while I write another which I want you to read?"

"Yes. I am in no hurry."

He turned to his desk and wrote:

"I love you as my own soul, and do not care to live if your love is denied me. If you will be mine no woman ever had a more devoted husband than I would be to you. Do you believe me? Can you give me hope?"

His face was white as a sheet as he handed her the unfolded sheet to read. She read it, blushed rosy red, then paled and flushed again. She looked up at him and was going to speak when two men came in on business. She sprang up and said:

"I must go now."

"Excuse me a moment, gentlemen," said Harry, putting on his hat to escort her out to her carriage. He assisted her in, and when she was seated, she said to him:

"I couldn't answer in the office. I say yes to both questions. I love you and will be your wife, and I know I'll be the happiest one in the world."

He pressed her hand and said:

"God bless you, darling!"

Then he shut the carriage door and saw her driven away, after which he returned to his office like one treading on air. He had to exert himself to avoid betraying his emotions as he re-entered his office, for he was almost beside himself with joy. Four hours later Nellie Wingate received Harry's letter. She was astonished as well as frightened, for it was now quite plain to her that Myrtis herself had gone to him with the story. She was vexed with herself for having repeated it to Myrtis.

"But why did Irene tell me such a story?" she asked herself. "She told two other girls in my presence, and not as a secret, either, so she can't deny it and say she didn't tell me. I am going right over to see Bessie Ketcham. She heard her tell me."

She showed Bessie the letter. Bessie's brother was in love with Irene, and the latter was very willing, indeed. When she read the letter, she said:

"Surely Irene did not tell us that when it was not true!"

"Let's show her the letter."

"Yes—let her see it."

"What is it, girls?" young Ketcham asked, coming suddenly upon them.

Bessie showed him the letter. His face flushed as he read it.

"Irene told the truth," he said. "That fellow is a liar!"

"But Myrtis Seabrooke is not the girl to propose to any man, brother," Bessie replied.

"Of course she isn't. Any one who knows her knows that. But he is just the sort of a fellow to boast that way. If Irene says she heard him say that Myrtis asked him to marry her, you can bet all your diamonds that he did."

"Is that his reputation?"

"Of course it is."

"I never heard that before. We girls know that Irene can tell whoppers without straining herself the least bit."

"I don't believe that."

They went into another room and left him alone with his hallucination. Nellie repeated the conversation at the supper table that evening. A younger brother took it all in and repeated it to a chum of his. In due time Harry heard of it. He called on young Wingate and demanded to know whether it was true that he had so characterized him in the presence of Miss Wingate.

"Who is your informant?" Ketcham demanded.

"Never mind that. Answer my question!" said Harry very firmly.

"I decline to do so until—"

Whack! Harry downed him with a stunning blow in the face. He was seized by friends and prevented from following it up, and Ketcham was led away by others.

"Hear me—all of you," said Harry, loud enough for the score of people who had gathered about him, "I denounce Arthur Ketcham as a cowardly poltroon and a lying slanderer!"

Of course it created a sensation throughout the city, and many versions of the encounter circulated. Ketcham would not say anything at all, using the plea that a young lady's name would be drawn into it.

"As for the blow, I will attend to that when I meet him again."

Myrtis Seabrooke called on Mrs. Locke when she heard of the hostile meeting, and tried to get at the facts. She had not seen Harry since she called on him at his office. She did not care to set people talking by going there again. Mrs. Locke was very cautious in what she said, for she did not dream that Harry was engaged to her. She did not wish to say anything that would add to the trouble by being repeated. Myrtis was quick to perceive it, and going over to her side, put her arm about her neck and kissed her, saying:

"Mother, you must tell me all about it, for I am to be Harry's wife some day."

"What!" gasped the widow.

"Harry asked me to be his wife, and I told him I would," said Myrtis blushingly. "We agreed to keep it a secret for the present, but I think you ought to know it. Will you love me for Harry's sake?"

The loving mother caught her in her arms and covered her face with kisses, saying:

"I'll love you for your own sweet self, dear. Oh, I am so glad you love him. He is the best son a poor mother ever had."

"And one of the bravest and truest of men," added Myrtis.

"Yes—yes," assented the fond mother.

"You won't mention it yet a while?" Myrtis asked.

"No, not till you say so."

"Then just tell him I told you. Now you can tell me what it was all about—that trouble with Arthur Ketcham."

She told her all she knew, and Myrtis said he did right to strike him.

"But how did he hear of what Arthur said?" she asked.

"That I don't know," was the reply.

"Well, he'll tell me when I see him. I must go now. Kiss him for me."

The mother's eyes filled with tears of joy as she embraced the girl who had won the heart of her brave boy. Clang! Clang!

"Oh, there's the fire bell!" cried Myrtis.

"It's in the second district!" exclaimed Mrs. Locke. "That's out in your side of town. You had better drive home as fast as you can."

CHAPTER XII.—A Strange Accident.

In great alarm the young lady entered the carriage and told the driver to drive home as fast as he could. She had been in one fire, and had a horror of another one in her home. The driver drove fast, and people were amazed at seeing the carriage dashing furiously through the street. But so many were running in the same direction they naturally thought the carriage was going to the fire, too. When near her home Myrtis called to the driver to know where the fire was.

"In Jones street, I think, ma'am," was the reply.

Myrtis drew a long breath of relief and leaned back on the seat. Her own home was safe, for Jones street was the third street beyond where she lived. Suddenly the carriage stopped. The way was blocked by an overturned truck and two unmanageable horses. The latter had been frightened by the rush of a fire engine. There was a crowd on both sides of the street watching the truckman trying to manage his horses. Myrtis put her head out of the window to see what the trouble was. A young man ran out of the crowd and said:

"You had better get out, Myrtis. It is dangerous for you to stay in the carriage when the horses are so excited."

"Oh, is it you, George?" she exclaimed, on seeing young Stanley at the carriage door. "What in the world is the matter with those horses out there?"

"They shied at a steamer and overturned the truck," he explained. "Let me assist you out. Your horses are restless and may run away at any moment," and he opened the carriage door for her to get out.

"They won't run away," she replied. "They are perfectly gentle, and the driver has good control of them at all times. How is it you are not at the fire?"

"I am not a fireman now," he replied.

"Oh, yes; I heard you had resigned your membership in the Irvingtons."

"The company disbanded. Not one of the old company remains a member now."

"Here, my man!" cried a voice in the street in front of the carriage. "This street must be cleared at once. They may have to fight the fire from this side."

"Oh, that's Harry Locke's voice," exclaimed Myrtis, looking out of the carriage window to see the fire chief in his new uniform. "Yes, there he is—the fire chief. How brave and handsome he looks!"

George did not utter a word. He was silent and white as a sheet.

"I say, my man," Harry called out to the carriage driver, "you must turn around and go back. This street must be cleared at once."

Myrtis leaned out, and Harry saw her face wreathed in smiles. He ran up to the carriage door, saying:

"Is it you? Lord, but you must get away from here as quick as you can, for—"

Boom! There was an explosion that shook that part of the city. The horses of the carriage reared and plunged. Harry flung open the door, seized Myrtis by her arm, and dragged her out by what seemed like brute force. The next moment the terrified horses plunged forward to leap over the wrecked truck. In an instant the carriage was a total wreck and one of the horses was killed. Stanley was thrown out on the hard pavement and taken up unconscious. Myrtis was appalled at the sudden catastrophe, and came near fainting. Harry supported her round the waist with one arm and gave orders in clear, ringing tones to those who were trying to clear the street. Suddenly she braced up and said:

"A second time you have saved my life, Harry!"

"Yes, dear, and I thank God I was here in time to do it," he said. "But you must go home and leave me to my duty. Can you go home by yourself?"

"Yes," and she straightened herself up. "Don't let me keep you from your duty. They are taking George up."

"Yes; I guess he is badly hurt. When shall I see you again?"

"At your mother's to-morrow at noon."

"Thanks—I shall be there."

She hurried away through the crowd and soon reached her home. Her mother was astounded at the news of the destruction of the carriage and the death of one of the horses. But she was overjoyed at the rescue of her beloved daughter, and did not grieve for the carriage and horse. An hour later the coachman came to report the accident. The carriage was a total wreck. The driver himself was hurt, but not badly.

"Mr. Stanley is in the hospital again," he remarked to Mrs. Seabrooke.

"Why, he is not a fireman now!"

"I forgot to tell you he was in the carriage with me," said Myrtis.

"Then he must be badly hurt, since the carriage was so badly wrecked."

But Myrtis did not seem to care anything about George's hurts. She was thinking of Harry Locke, and how he had twice saved her life. The fire proved a disastrous one. A high wind caused the houses on the west side of the block to ignite, and the fire chief had a big job to keep it from leaping across the street and con-

suming other blocks. But he succeeded, and the mayor said he was the only one who could have done so. No lives were lost, but two firemen were hurt, both belonging to the Irvingtons, the new company—all being workingmen.

It was the first fire after Harry had been made fire chief. He did not go into any of the burning buildings, which he had done so much at other fires, because he had to look after four fire companies now and direct their energies where they could do the most good. He never left the spot until every spark had been extinguished. Then he went home, tired and hungry. His mother had saved his supper for him and sat down at the table with him.

"I was afraid you would be hurt again," she said to him.

"I can't go into the houses any more now," he replied, "as I have to look after the work of all the firemen."

"Oh, I am so glad of that!" she exclaimed. "It lifts a great load off my heart, and I am sure Myrtis feels happier, too, on that account."

"Why, what do you mean, mother?" he asked, in no little surprise.

She laughed and said:

"She has been here and told me all about it, and called me mother."

"Well, I am glad of that. She is going to dine with us to-morrow."

"My! Have you seen her since she was here?"

"Yes. I met her at—"

Bang! Crash! Harry started as if stung, tried to rise to his feet, and then sank down to the floor like a dead man.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Unknown Prisoner.

As Harry sank down to the floor, blood flowed from a wound on his head. Mrs. Locke saw at a glance that he had been shot through the window. She gave a scream and knelt by his side. Uncle Peter rushed into the dining room, revolver in hand, thinking some one had come in and attacked Harry or his mother.

"Oh, Harry is killed!" Mrs. Locke screamed. "They have killed my boy at last!"

"Where is the murdering lubber who did it?" exclaimed old Peter, rushing out of the dining room to the little back stoop porch. Seeing a dark object scaling the fence at the extreme right of the yard he fired at it. Of course he could not make out what it was. He thought he heard an exclamation, but was not sure, so he returned to the dining room, where he found a dozen neighbors who had run in, hearing the screams of Harry's mother. Laying the revolver down on the table, he was going to take up Harry and bear him to his room when an officer rushed in, and demanded to know what had happened.

"Oh, he's been killed!" cried half a dozen women at once, wringing their hands and fast becoming hysterical.

"Who did it?"

No one knew.

"Does no one know who shot him?" the officer asked.

Then Mrs. Locke told how the shot came in through the rear window while she and Harry

sat at the table. The officer went out into the back yard, lamp in hand, and searched the premises, whilst Uncle Peter took up Harry and bore him to his room. By that time a physician had arrived, and Uncle Peter went out to assist the officer in the search for some clue to the murderer.

"Did no one see anybody in the yard here?" the officer asked.

"I saw something trying to climb the back fence out there and fired at it," said Uncle Peter, pointing in the direction of the spot.

The officer climbed up on the top of a barrel that lay against the fence, leaned over and peered down into the yard of the next lot.

"There he is!" he exclaimed. "Guess you settled him!" and he sprang over the fence as he spoke, and knelt by the man whom he found lying in a heap on the ground.

"God bless me!" ejaculated the old man, climbing up on the barrel and peering over at the officer and the man on the ground. "Did I really hit the lubber?"

"Yes, if this is the one you shot at. He is hit on the head just as Harry was," and he held the lamp so the old sea captain could see a ghastly wound on the man's head.

"It was a good shot," added the officer. "Send somebody to the station for help, please."

"Yes," and the old man got down off the barrel, and ran back into the house, saying:

"We've got the pirate! We've got him! Some one run to the station for more men—here, Jack!" and he grabbed a fifteen-year-old boy, the son of a neighbor, who had run in with his mother. "Run to the station house and tell them to send two more officers here—quick!"

The boy ran out quickly, and then the old man had to tell the woman what was the result of his shot in the dark from the back stoop. Many men got round into the back yard and tried to locate the unknown.

"Oh, Harry is alive! Harry isn't dead!" cried a woman who had been assisting the doctor in examining the wound on Harry's head.

Harry had just uttered a deep groan and tried to get up. The women were greatly excited, and the doctor held Harry. Mrs. Locke rushed to the bedside.

"Madam, he is in no danger at all," the doctor said to her. "The bullet grazed the skull, stunning him, and glanced off."

The mother was so overjoyed that she fell across the foot of the bed in a dead faint. In the meantime two more officers came to the assistance of their comrade, and went out to help the other wounded man over the fence.

"Hello—hello!" ejaculated one of them. "He's not dead! He groans."

"Let him groan!" said another, as he raised him over the fence. "I hope he'll live to be hanged!"

The fellow groaned lustily as they handled him, and when they got him over the fence he stood upon his feet and glared about him in a dazed sort of way.

"Put the nippers on him," suggested one of the officers, and in another moment he was handcuffed.

"What's it all about?" the prisoner finally asked.

ed, as they led him through the basement of the house to the street.

"Hanged if I know," said an officer. "Maybe you can tell us something about it."

"Yes—tell us your name, anyway," another said.

The fellow was an entire stranger to the police. No one there or at the station could identify him. He denied he had shot at anybody. Said he had no weapon at all—that he went in there to lie down and sleep where he would not be disturbed—that he heard a shot, sprang up and peered over the fence, when somebody fired at him, hitting him on the head. What staggered the police was the fact that they could not find any pistol on him, nor about the premises of the two lots. Another strange thing, too, was the dress of the prisoner. He was not a tramp, and had money in his pockets, hence did not have to go into back yards to sleep. Harry was up the next morning and read the news himself in the morning papers. The wound was a painful flesh wound—that was all.

Soon after breakfast Myrtis Seabrooke came in, veiled and on foot. No one but Mrs. Locke knew her as she entered the house. The moment she was in the room where only Harry, his mother, and Uncle Peter were the occupants, she threw back her veil and ran into Harry's arms.

"Good anchorage, that," said the old sailor.

She then hugged and kissed the mother and the old man. How they loved her!

"They haven't finished me yet, Myrtis," said Harry, when she returned to him.

"No; but they tried to, it seems," she replied.

"Yes, so they did. But maybe I will have 'em all jugged pretty soon, and then the end will come."

Half an hour later she went away as she had come—unknown to any one. She went straight to the office of the chief of police, demanded a private interview, and was shown into the chief's private office.

There she threw back her veil and said:

"Of course you know who I am, Mr. Chief."

"Yes—you are Miss Seabrooke," the chief replied.

"Yes. You will keep my secret, I know."

"Of course—with my life," and the chief bowed.

"You know Harry Locke saved my life."

"Yes—everybody knows that."

"Well, I have come here to try to help him in this matter. Will you let me see the prisoner who is accused of having shot him last night?"

"Yes—come on," and he passed out into another room.

She drew the veil down over her face and followed him. He took the keys from the turnkey and led the way to the cell in which the prisoner was held, opened the door, and said:

"Somebody to see you."

Myrtis stepped inside and the door was closed behind her, leaving the cell quite dark—no light entering save through the grated square in the center of the heavy oaken door. She stood by the grating, exposed her face by throwing back her veil. The prisoner looked at her and was dazzled by her beauty.

"He sent me—you know who," she whispered to him, seizing him by the arm and drawing him

close to her—"to help you escape. Tell me what you wish to have me bring you—he will get them for you—saws, files, anything—only you are to tell him where to go to get them, and how he can get them. Tell me quickly, as they won't let me stay here but a few minutes."

"Tell him to send me a ribbon steel saw and a small phial of oil, and I'll do the rest."

"How and where can he get them?" she asked.

"Tell him to go to New York, to Dan Moore's saloon on Cherry street, and ask for 'Reddy.' Say to him, 'Reddy, Jimmy is jugged. He wants a saw and oil,' and he will get 'em for him."

"Do you know this picture?" she asked, holding up a photograph of a handsome young man so he could see it in the light that fell through the grating.

"Yes, that's him. Tell him to hurry up and send me five hundred bones with the saw, and to meet me at Dan's in New York two days after I get out of this."

"I will remember and tell him all you have told me, and will come back as soon as he gets the things ready for you," and she put her hand out through the grating and waved it for the chief to come and let her out. The latter did so, and she walked away without uttering another word to the prisoner.

Myrtis now talked with the chief of police. It had been George Stanley's picture she had shown the prisoner. She told the chief he must see young Stanley, tell him the prisoner had confessed and that he must leave the city for good or he would be arrested. The chief promised to do as she asked and Myrtis left. The chief put it up to George Stanley. Seeing he was cornered, he promised to leave the city, and did so, nobody knowing where he went or why.

The firemen's parade was near, and Myrtis sent word to Harry she was going to have a party and he must attend. It is unnecessary to say he did so, and at supper he was sitting by her side when the firebell rang. Harry sprang up. Myrtis clasped him around the neck, saying: "No, no. Don't go! You've done enough."

CHAPTER XIV.—Myrtis Tells Her Secret.

As might have been expected, all the people in the house were astonished at Myrtis's conduct. Had he been a brother or a father, they could have understood it. She clung to his neck with both arms, saying:

"No—no! You don't need to go now! You don't need to go!"

He lifted her in his arms, bore her out into the hall, kissed her and said:

"Don't keep me from my duty, dear. I shall not go into danger, and shall return here if the conflagration proves not to be serious," and with that he gently yet firmly disengaged himself from her arms and fled through the open door.

"Why, Myrtis!" gasped Mrs. Seabrooke. "What in the world does it mean?"

Myrtis looked at her mother and the young people around her, her face crimson with blushes. But she had the courage of her love.

"It means that I love Harry Locke, and that we are engaged to be married," she replied.

"Good heavens!" gasped her astounded mother, dropping into a chair and fanning herself vigorously. "I—I—Oh, dear—oh, dear!" and then she fell out of her chair in a faint.

That caused no end of excitement, and the family physician was at once sent for. He came in a few minutes and administered restoratives. In the meantime all the young ladies of the party gathered about Myrtis and showered congratulations upon her.

Myrtis would not see any of the young men of the party after that during the evening.

"Please go and excuse me to them," she said to one of her girl friends. "I really haven't the courage to face them again this evening after what has happened. I intended to keep the secret a long time, but that fire bell made me forget myself. Oh, girls, I would die for him!"

The young people waited over two hours, hoping Harry would return from the fire, for they wanted to see him with her again, since they had found out the secret of their love. But it was quite a large fire, which Harry dared not leave, though he had on his dress suit. When he did think it safe to leave, it was near midnight.

"I'll go home," he said to himself, "and send her a note in the morning. I wonder what they all thought when they saw how she tried to stop me? I know they suspect her secret, or else she would have to invent some sort of explanation."

The next morning he sent by messenger a note to Myrtis, telling her how the fire kept him from returning to the party, and hoping she enjoyed the evening with the friends who loved her so dearly. When Irene Stanley heard of the engagement, she made some very sneering remarks and sat down to write to George about it.

She remarked to Nellie Wingate that Myrtis had tried for a year to entrap her brother George into a declaration, and that he had taken a trip to California to escape her. Nellie was shocked and did not believe it. Irene said that George had told her so. Nellie told Myrtis in confidence, and Myrtis laughed. She was too happy to be angry.

"Come upstairs, dear," she said to Nellie, "and I'll show you a dozen notes from George in which he begged me to marry him."

Nellie read the notes and enjoyed it. Most girls would.

"Take one of them to Irene." Myrtis suggested to her, "and let her read it."

A few days later Nellie received a visit from Irene.

"Oh, Irene, I've something to show you, but you must never, never say anything about it. I picked up this in the road in front of the Seabrookes' gate. It's a note from George to Myrtis," and she handed it to her.

Irene read it eagerly and said:

"Brother George didn't write it. It's a forgery, that's what it is."

"Oh, I have many notes from George myself, and know his handwriting. He did write it."

"But he told me he was going away to escape her."

"Then he told a big fib. This is his handwriting. Why in the world should he tell you such an untruth?"

"George never told an untruth in all his life."

"Then he didn't tell you that. I know that you

do tell whoppers sometimes," and she laughed in a way that prevented Irene from getting angry herself. She told Irene she could have the letter if she wanted it.

"Yes, let me have it. I'll burn it. The spiteful thing dropped it there in the street to have some one pick it up and read it."

"Are you going to ride in the firemen's parade?" Nellie asked her, after a pause. "You know it comes off next Thursday."

"Indeed, I am not!"

She was a miserable girl, for she had let her pride crush the longings of her heart. At one time the romantic side of her nature was about to assert itself. Her pride stepped in and forbade her loving the daring youth who had twice saved her life at the imminent risk of his own. No wonder she was miserable and hated the girl who had finally won the daring young fireman as a lover. She even hated him, and would not let him nor any one else, for that matter, see that she had any gratitude to show for saving her life.

The day of the parade came and Myrtis rode in a carriage with two little girls. Harry led the parade on a splendid horse. The sidewalks were crowded with people. After the parade was over and the boys were at the firehouse the great bell rang out an alarm. Just as the engine turned a corner a team was seen coming toward them. It was a runaway. It dashed past the engine. Harry saw a woman in it. He turned back just as the team reached the river and plunged over the stringpiece into the water. Harry was there in a jiffy. He sprang over, reached the carriage door before the carriage sank, pulled it open and grasped its occupant—Irene Stanley.

Harry got her to the dock where willing hands helped them to dry land. A carriage was summoned. Irene had fainted. The carriage came and Harry, putting Irene in it, following himself, ordered the driver to drive to Mr. Stanley's house.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

The carriage had not gone two blocks ere Irene raised herself up and looked Harry full in the face for some minutes, as if trying to impress upon her memory some feature she would not forget. Harry returned her gaze without a word passing between them. Suddenly she closed her eyes with a sigh and let her head fall against his shoulder. She had become unconscious again.

When the carriage reached the gate of the Stanley residence, Harry bore her in his arms into the house. The servants set up a cry, and Mrs. Stanley came running to the door.

"What's the matter? What has happened to my daughter?" she cried.

"The horses ran away and plunged into the river," Harry said. "They and the carriage are there yet. I rescued your daughter and brought her home. Where shall I place her?"

"Here! On the lounge. No! Take her to her room! Hendrix, run for the doctor and then for her father!"

He bore her upstairs to her room and laid her on the bed. Then he turned away and made his way downstairs again. No one said a word to

him. They all seemed frightened out of their wits over what had happened. He went out to the carriage and was driven away to his own home. Naturally a great crowd soon gathered at the little wharf, where the top of the carriage could be seen even with the surface of the water. The people were excited and the police had to take charge to keep back the crowd, while others were engaged in taking the carriage from the water. The horses were cut loose and suffered to go with the current, while the harness and vehicle were secured.

Of course the story of the rescue flew from mouth to mouth, and ere the sun went down nearly everybody in the city had heard of it. Harry was more than ever a hero. The visitors from the country and surrounding towns were eager to see and cheer him again. He returned home and put on dry clothes, after which he hastened to the fire to see what was to be done there. The firemen had it well under control by the time he got there. They had heard he had saved Irene Stanley again, and when they saw him they cheered wildly.

"Good for you, Harry!" they cried.

Harry laughed and nodded his head toward Jack. He was looking on at the firemen's work when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Looking around, he found himself face to face with the elder Stanley.

"Harry, I can't understand the fate that places me so often under obligations to you," said the old gentleman. "Several times you have saved Irene's life and that of her brother. Believe me, I am grateful to the extent of all my fortune."

"Don't let the burden worry you. It doesn't seem to worry either Miss Stanley or her mother, and it should be no bother to you. I am satisfied when I know I have done my duty, though it is a great pleasure to see my work appreciated."

Myrtis Seabrooke was astonished when she heard the news that Harry had saved Irene's life again, this time from a watery grave.

Time wore on and Irene Stanley was ill for many months. When she recovered she was a very changed young lady. She was sad-faced and quiet, as though a great shadow hovered over her life at all times. She sent for Harry one day and poured out the gratitude of her soul to him.

He came away satisfied that she was a changed girl. A few weeks later he led Myrtis Seabrooke to the altar and pledged his life, love and protection to her.

The fire department turned out to escort them from the church to the train.

They presented the bride with a magnificent silver service, and even Irene Stanley sent her a diamond cluster ring, much to her surprise.

George Stanley never returned to Irvington. He died in San Francisco after a residence of ten years there. The papers there gave him a good name as an exemplary young man.

Harry Locke rose to be mayor of Irvington, then a member of Congress. His home life was one of great happiness, with four beautiful children and a wife who loved him to adoration.

Next week's issue will contain "EXILE NO. 707; OR, THE BOYS OF THE FORGOTTEN MINE."

CURRENT NEWS

WOMAN RAISES DOGS

Mrs. Mary Moses, of Skagway, Alaska, conducts a dog farm, her specialty being Esquimo malamutes, which she breeds and trains for the market. This market is not very large, but it is sufficient to enable her to get a good living from her efforts. It is not the food nor the watchdog market to which she caters, but to the adventurer who wishes a team of dogs trained for the wintry trails of ice and snow of the interior.

If a hunter decides to make a journey to far regions or a trapper desires to operate a longer line of traps than usual, Mrs. Moses can be depended upon to supply just the sort of dogs desired.

The difficulty with ordinary Indian trained dogs is that they do not understand commands in English. For winter trips dogs are needed that will obey orders given by a white man. It is this kind of malamutes that Mrs. Moses has been supplying to demand for years. When she trained dog it is not nearly so ferocious as one brought up in an Indian village. She feeds pemmican and dried fish to her dogs.

In the last twenty years she has supplied dog teams for explorers, mail carriers, boundary markers, trappers, motion picture companies, and on one occasion furnished the dogs that made a round-trip to the Arctic barrens.

WILD DEER TAME

Seeing deer in bunches in the Black Hills, even in this late day, is not considered anything to remark about, but to see a herd of wild deer, apparently grazing in peace at the side of the road, and to stop a motor car, walk to the herd and be given opportunity of watching a supposedly wild deer eat a handful of dried alfalfa, having no fear of man, is an entirely different thing.

This experience, however, is exactly what Orville Larson, a rancher, who lives on a ranch about twenty miles southeast of Rapid City, S. D., is telling his incredulous friends.

Larson was driving along the roadway on his way to town one day recently, when he saw a bunch of five deer, a large buck and four does, browsing on the tender bunch grasses along the highway. When he drove his car opposite the bunch they paid little heed to his approach. He stopped his car and picking up a small handful of dried grass advanced steadily toward the pretty animals. When he had approached within a few feet of them, they raised their heads and made as if to take to flight, but when he stopped and remained rigid for a few moments they went on about their breakfasting. He then approached one of the does and cautiously extended the grass and the timid deer, after carefully sniffing it, promptly snatched it and began masticating.

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The Young Mail Carrier

—OR—

The Dangers Of The Postal Road

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued.)

Soon the clouds of smoke, heavy and dense, and not rising more than ten feet from the ground, began to whirl around the distant grove, and then Tom and Trailing Bush grasped their guns and looked intently towards the spot where they might expect their foes to appear.

Not more than three minutes went by, when the keen-eyed Indian touched Tom on the arm.

"There they are," he said, "to the left of that three-pronged oak on your right hand."

Tom looked in the direction indicated by the Shoshone, and after a minute made out the forms of two men who were stealthily moving among the trees of the distant grove. They were acting as though curious, but equally cautious, and although the distance and indistinct light among the trees prevented him from seeing their faces at that time, he did not doubt that their eyes were fixed on the fire and smoke, and that they were wondering what had caused the conflagration.

The boy mail carrier and the Indian kept perfectly quiet, confident that curiosity would induce the two men to approach nearer, and sure enough they finally stepped forward to the very edge of the grove and looked out towards where our friends stood.

"Shall we take a chance at them now?" asked Trailing Bush.

"No," answered Tom, "for they may step clear of the trees and afford us a better shot on account of the light. That half-light at the very edge of the trees is very deceptive and we might miss them, while if they take another step towards us they are doomed."

The two outlaws stood at the edge of the grove and were evidently talking about the fire. That one of them was alarmed and excited about it was evident from the way that he threw his hands into the air while talking, but his comrade must have quieted him, for after another moment they both turned back in the direction from which they had come.

That settled the matter of waiting.

The instant that the man turned Tom raised his Remington.

"Now!" he said.

It was understood between him and the Indian that they should fire as they stood, that is, each aimed at the man who was on his side.

The reports of the two rifles rang out close together.

The man that Tom had aimed at tumbled in a heap to the ground, but the other, fortunately

for him, stumbled at the very instant that the Indian pulled the trigger, and although he only went half way down to the ground, it was enough to save his life. Trailing Bush had fired for the upper part of the body and the bullet whistled harmlessly over the fellow's head.

Without even a glance at his companion, who did not move after he fell, the outlaw rushed away, and was lost to the view of the watchers on the other side of the open space.

"Follow me," yelled Tom, and making a rush for Black Dick, he leaped on the back of the stallion and dashed out of the grove. Straight across the open space he sped like an arrow, his pistol in one hand and ready for instant use, and as rapidly as they could mount the other two went after him.

Just before he reached the grove Tom heard a scream, and looking in the direction from which the sound came he saw the outlaw, mounted, and with Betty Cornwallis thrown across his saddle like a bag of meal, speeding away from the trees, perhaps five hundred yards to one side.

With a firm hand Tom turned Black Dick so that the stallion was soon running around the outer edge of the grove, and when he had gained a point at the rear of the departing rascal the boy made a half-turn and went after him.

Impulsively, he raised his pistol to shoot down the horse in advance of him, but the idea at once came to him that Betty might be injured when the animal fell, so he held his hand.

The man in front of him was well mounted and probably thought that he was sure to distance anything in the way of horse-flesh that might follow him, but he knew nothing of the powers of the black stallion. Tom spoke but one word to his gallant steed and he dashed forward like the wind.

Past the outlaw he dashed, as though possessed of wings, and when Tom had gone fifty feet he pulled up and faced the man, his pistol covering him.

The man had the reins in one hand and was holding Betty with the other, and was in no position to defend himself, even if Tom had not obtained the "drop" on him, and when he looked at the weapon that was covering his heart and saw the gleaming eyes behind it, he obeyed the stern command to stop.

Tom sat there like a statue until the Shoshone and Mr. Cornwallis came up to the spot on their horses, and Betty was taken by her father from the hands of the completely vanquished outlaw.

"Clear out," said Tom to the fellow, "and tell your captain if you see him that I've got the girl away from him again, and that now I'm after him. He murdered my parents, and if he escapes the sheriff and the cavalry he will not escape me. Get!"

The outlaw did not need to be told a second time to clear out, but put spurs to his horse and rushed away from the spot at a rate of speed that would indicate that he thought that Tom West might change his mind.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

FOUND \$57,000.

Charles S. Neumann, President of a flour company at No. 130 North Wells Street, Chicago, is looking for the owner of a pocketbook containing \$57,000.

One day recently, as he was about to get into his car, Neumann saw a muddy wallet in the street. He opened it to find a fortune in notes and checks. Although the name of the owner was in the purse, Neumann's efforts to find his have proved unsuccessful.

"If the owner does not claim the purse within a reasonable time I'm going to split the \$57,000 between the Red Cross and Child War Sufferers of Europe," Neumann said.

GUM CHEWING IN BRITAIN

They're chewing American gum in England now, but you mustn't call it that. It isn't gum that's keeping the British jaws clicking, but "Chewing Sweets." The war introduced the chewing gum habit among the British soldiers and when they returned home they still wanted their gum and American manufacturers were not slow to take advantage of this new market.

Gum to the British means rubber, and the prospect of chewing that product is not a pleasing one. Hence one of the most widely known American gum manufacturers has launched his product in Great Britain under the name of So-and-So's Chewing Sweet. The illustrations, coloring and slogans on the British packages of his product are the same as on the American ones except for the substitution of "sweet" for "gum." The fact that the Prince of Wales is said to have taken a great liking to chewing gum, especially when following the hounds, is being capitalized in advertisements to win the British over to the American sport.

KENTUCKY DISTILLERIES PREPARE FOR BANDITS

Fearing a general onslaught on the government whisky warehouses in the state by robbers, prohibition and revenue authorities have gathered a big force and are ready to start reprisals. Most of the whisky in this country is in Kentucky warehouses and successful attacks on the supply are increasing. Many of the guards at the plants, it became known to-day, are former soldiers. Robert Lucas, Collector of Revenue at Louisville, said to-day he had ordered his guards to shoot to kill if robbers make an attack.

State Prohibition Director Samuel Collins at his office has a big emergency force and automobiles ready to take the trail. His men are armed with repeating rifles and revolvers.

Robberies have been increasing as Christmas approached, the Belle of Anderson, and Ripy and Moore distilleries in Anderson County have been robbed at least twice each, while the distillery at Camp Nelson, Jessamine County, has been attacked twice, but the guards drove off the visitors. About twenty men have been arrested in connection with the robberies.

FOUGHT CHICKEN HAWK

William Fraley, formerly Decatur County Clerk, was injured slightly the other evening in a fight with a large fan-tail chicken hawk.

Fraley was returning in his machine to Greensburg, Ind., from Clarksburg when he saw the hawk sitting on a fence post. He stopped the machine, picked up some small pebbles and started throwing at the bird. Instead of taking flight, the hawk, unusually large, spread its wings and stiffened his body, preparing for conflict. Fraley seized a small club, which he found on the roadside, and approached the bird, striking it on the head. The hawk fell, seemingly dead.

After putting the bird in the rear of his automobile, Fraley continued his trip homeward. He had driven only a short distance when he was surprised to see that the supposed dead bird was alive. Not caring to have the live hawk in the machine after the fight, it had shown, Fraley stopped the machine, took a knife from his pocket and again began combat with the bird.

Before he succeeded in killing the hawk, it sank its long talons into the index finger of the man's right hand.

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Luke Shaw

By D. W. STEVENS

It was a wild, tempestuous night.

The wind roared madly over Glenstone Moor; and the stray traveler who was driving over the heath, laughter-loving and jolly though he was, began to feel its influence.

His name was Garrick—George Garrick, but all his friends (and they were many) called him “Georgey Porgey.”

He was a fine, handsome young fellow, and somewhat silly—in that he was ever ready to do a fellow creature a good turn. Pickletub, Jam & Co., had selected him to collect accounts, and receive orders for that eminent firm in the west and north of England.

“Soho, Peggy—soho, mare!” he shouted, cheerily, as a flash of lightning whizzed actually in front of her. “Soho, there, old girl—soho!”

But Peggy was excited, and would by no means be soothed by cunning speech.

She was not in the stud-book, for she was only halfbred; but everyone who knows anything of Yorkshire will readily understand how very nearly a Yorkshire Tyke will shave the mark in horseflesh, and how nearly, too, a good innkeeper will lend you a thoroughbred. That is, always supposing mine host knows you well.

If you are well to the fore with ribbons, he will trust you with the best in his stable, if you are a duffer, he will do nothing of the kind.

Honest John Walker, who kept the hostelry yept “The Fleece,” at Moorfield, ten miles from Glenstone, knew Georgey Porgey right well.

Better still, he trusted him with Peggy, his own favorite mare.

So Georgey Porgey was in luck this stormy June evening.

Only that Glenstone Moor was a fearsome place on a dark night.

For a good ten miles it extended, and the nearest town was called Helston, a straggling hamlet with one street in its center, and batches of houses right and left.

Now “Georgey Porgey” had no intention of staying at Helston. The fact is, Helston was not in his programme of stopping places.

Business there was not any; drinking there was much; blackguardism there was in abundance. But five miles beyond Helston lay Radburn, and here many accounts were to be collected, numberless orders taken.

Already George had three or four hundred pounds stowed away in his portmanteau, and his journey had only just commenced; for, in the days of which I write, railroads were unknown.

Postal communication was difficult and (where money was concerned) dangerous; for Dick Turpin, or some of his boon companions, might have penetrated even to the moorlands of our largest English counties, and the mail was an especial object to those gentry.

But given his handsome, high-spirited mare and high gig, Georgey Porgey cared for none of these things.

He was provided with a couple of old-fashioned, flint-locked pistols, but up to now he never had occasion to use them.

So this stormy night he laughed to himself, and drove on through the blinding rain and wind.

For once in her life, the mare made little headway.

The wind was dead in their teeth.

But by dint of cheery words and careful handling, they at length reached Helston.

There were several beer shops in the place, low hostelries, where congregated, and drank, and fought, the scum of humanity.

One decent inn there was.

It was called “The Helston Arms,” and the landlord thereof was one Job Pring. He was known far and wide as a knowing blade, a rum ‘un, a rasper, a nailer—in other words, the man was a sporting man of the worst and lowest class.

Roping, milking, selling a race, at all these things Job was an adept.

And yet he was a popular man in Helston.

At this house Georgey Porgey pulled up for a glass of hot brandy-and-water and a bait for the mare.

“Come in, sir!” cried Job. “Don’t stay out there a minute longer than you can help. Why, t’ man is wet to his skin. ‘In wi’ you—in wi’ you!’

“I’ll see to the mare first,” said Georgey Porgey, laughing at Job’s rough manner, and his unkempt head, and bulldog face and neck.

“I’ll see to that, sir,” put in a pleasant voice.

George looked round in surprise.

“You are not Yorkshire?” he said, to a smart, dapper man, who suddenly appeared and took the mare’s head.

“No, he’s Lunnon,” said Job. “He’s a trifle too smart for Yorkshire, but he’s down on his luck, and glad of a crib here as hostler——”

“And general odd man, tipster and agent,” put in the hostler, Sam Miller by name.

At this both the men laughed, and George joined them.

“I’ll just take my portmanteau inside,” he said; “half an hour can’t make much difference, anyhow.”

So Georgey Porgey, careless and happy, walked into “The Helston Arms,” portmanteau in hand.

Ten minutes thereafter, Sam Miller came in, with a most lugubrious expression on his face.

“That’s a fine mare, sir,” he said. “I’ve seen one like it over Moorfield way.”

“Well, I came from there, and the mare belongs to John Walker,” quoth George.

“Phew!” whistled Sam. “You are in for a good thing. Why, she is as lame as a dog.”

George rushed out hastily, and examined her anxiously and carefully.

It was true, Peggy was as lame as a dog.

“What’s to be done?” asked George.

“Ah, what’s to be done?” echoed the landlord, who had now joined them, lantern in hand.

“Hanged if I know!” said George. “It’s a deuce of a nuisance! I am due in Radburn the first thing in the morning.”

“Well, there’s no getting away to-night, any-way!” said Sam.

“No, that beant,” chorused the host.

"I'm afraid not," muttered George, ruefully. "Hang it, the mare was well enough when we came along the moor!"

Sam shook his head. Job joined him.

"I know that road," quoth Sam, significantly.

"So do I," said Job. "Ah!"

"Well, and so do I, too!" cried George; "as well as I do a London street. The road is good enough. Anyhow, I must stay here to-night. Perhaps by the morning the mare will be all right."

"Sure to be," said Sam, confidently.

"Right as a rivet! She's only a bit foot-sore!" cried Job.

"Well, then, I'll stay; and I say, landlord?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get me a bit of supper. Meanwhile, I'll smoke a pipe, and get you to join me, if you will."

"Certainly, and I'll tell you about the great dog race on the moor Tuesday agone!" cried Job, heartily. "Go indoors, sir; you are quite right to see that the mare has her corn."

Whereupon he winked at the hostler, and with a villainous leer which George did not see, turned and followed him into the house.

Now George was a good business man, albeit he was so careless and good-natured.

So he took good care to lock his door and look to his luggage before he joined mine host.

Moreover, he counted his bags of gold, and saw his notes all safe; then he locked the door, and finally went down to his supper, at which Job presided; and assisted, too, with right good will.

Strong ale was produced, pipes and tobacco were set upon the table, and the two commenced to enjoy themselves.

Hot brandy-and-water followed the strong ale, and George went to bed in a glorious state of jollity.

So did Job; so did not Sam Miller.

At the dead of night he drove off very softly, and towards the moor.

Next morning George was missing.

So was the horse and trap.

The mare went home to Moorfield, lame, and covered with sweat and foam, and honest John almost cried with grief and rage.

But by and by, when Peggy had been made comfortable and been petted to old John's heart's content, he began leisurely to think of George—for your Yorkshire host does nothing in a hurry, save, perhaps, a quiet bit of business in betting or taking the odds.

Haying once made up his mind that something wrong had happened, he put another horse to a borrowed trap, and started for the moor.

The morning was quiet enough; and, with a companion and a pipe, John drove along stolidly.

His companion lamented the accident, and wondered what had become of the trap.

"I don't care what's become of it," said the host; "Mr. George's governors will pay for it, and I'll buy a new 'un. Why bless you, they're the richest people in all Lunnon. Makes pickles and jams by the millions they do so. Bless you, Mr. George is next door to a partner!"

"Ah, rare good thing it is, too; and he is a wonderful free young fellow with his pieces—don't grudge a drink, or the like of that."

The host grunted assent, and smoked away calmly.

Presently they descried a lad, who was running nimbly along the road.

He was crying and sobbing—a rare thing for a big, sturdy lad—more particularly a Yorkshire lad.

Honest John pulled up and started at him stolidly.

"Why, it's Luke Shaw!" he shouted. "Here, what be you roaring for, boy? What's the matter?"

"Murder! Murder!" sobbed the boy.

John jumped out of the trap, and roared out: "Out with it, Luke! Whereabout, eh?"

"Gentleman pitched over the Great Rock Ditch!" gasped Luke.

"Who by? Who was he?" thundered John's companion.

"A gentleman who came over in your rig, Mr. John," said the lad; "and the London hostler at 'The Helston Arms' pitched him over. Then he cut the traces, chucked over the gig, and I followed him until he met John Pring, t' landlord of 'Helston Arms,' and says John, 'Is it done?' says he. 'Aye,' says the hostler, trembling all over, and as white as a sheet."

"Let me lay hold on him," roared John, indignantly. "I'll give him such a squeeze!"

"That'll keep," said his companion. "Let us be off to the Great Rock Ditch."

"What did he do it for?" asked John. "That's what I can't make out."

"Plunder, p'raps," said his companion.

John turned pale.

"You've hit it," he said.

They stopped at a farm house, and borrowed a coil of rope.

Also some pegs and the services of half a dozen men.

Then they ran over the rocks, which stood hard by the side of the road.

True enough, there was the gig, not much damaged, but still enough to render it unserviceable.

"Never mind the gig," cried John's companion. "Twist this rope around the boy, and lower him over."

And so they did, carefully, and with a right good will.

A loud shout from Luke set all their hearts beating hard and fast.

"Draw up!" said Luke.

They did so. Mangled, faint, half-dying, George was drawn to the surface.

Well, he didn't die, after all.

But Job and his clever hostler were condemned to a living death, for they were sentenced each and severally to penal servitude for life.

Very cunningly the portmanteau was hidden away, gold and all; but a Yorkshire mob almost pulled the house down, and would have lynched the two had they not been prevented.

Years passed on, and George Carrick was made a partner in the firm.

But he never forgot his Yorkshire experience; and Luke Shaw was not forgotten either.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

WIFE ROUTS BANDITS WITH A SKILLET

Two masked men entered Isidor Jacob's grocery store, at Edgewater Avenue and Murray Streets, Trenton, N. J., and ordered him to put up his hands. Instead of doing so the valiant grocer yelled for his wife.

She strode in with a frying-pan in one hand and a rolling-pin in the other and the bandits took it on the run. Jacobs said that ordinarily he might not have had the nerve to defy the robbers, but that he figured the risk was worth taking because of a large sum of money he had in his safe that night.

CONVICTS OFFER TO OPEN BALKY SAFE
AT SING SING

The mechanism of the big safe in the office of Sing Sing prison is out of order and the strong box is locked so tight that none of the prison officials can open it. The safe contains \$5,000 which belongs to the inmates, the money having been collected at the recent performance of the "Sing Sing Follies."

As soon as the difficulty became known throughout the prison several expert cracksmen who are serving sentences for bank robberies offered to open the safe for Warden Lewis E. Lawes. The warden, however, declined all offers with thanks, saying that he would send to New York for experts to come and put the safe in working order.

MANY HOURS IN A REFRIGERATOR CAR

Eighteen hours in a refrigerator car, where the temperature was below freezing, John Sepon, a youth of Eveleth, Minn., was saved from death by Pat Hacket, conductor.

On passing the refrigerator car he heard a noise. He opened the car and found Sepon almost frozen. The boy was given first aid treatment and a warm meal and apparently recovered.

Sepon entered the car the night before. Shortly thereafter it was closed and iced. The noise of filling the top of the car with ice drowned the calls of the boy.

A few months ago the body of a young man was found in a refrigerator car in the local yards at Trenton, Mo.

SAW A GROSBEAK

A grosbeak recently was observed by Prof. R. N. Davis, curator of the Everhart Museum, of Scranton, Pa. It was perched on a tree in his yard.

The grosbeak is a rare and irregular visitor to Pennsylvania, when it only occurs as a migrant and then usually is only observed in the winter season. This bird breeds in the mountains of Northwestern United States and Western part of British America.

Some years ago Prof. N. F. Davis of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, found a large flock of these birds, which spent most of the winter and remained until late in April in Union County. They fed largely upon buds and blossoms of different trees, and were fond of cherry pits, which they cracked with their strong, heavy bills.

LAUGHS

Mother—What are you doing, Harry? Harry—I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred. Mother—Yes, so I did. Harry—Well, I've counted 237, and I'm madder'n when I started.

"George, I'm very much worried. The landlord says he is going to raise the rent." "Is he? Then why do you want me to worry trying to do it?"

Little Bobby was pulling the dog's tail, when his aunt said: "You musn't do that, Bobby; he will bite you." "Oh, no," said Bobby, "dogs don't bite at this end."

"Mammy it sez heah dat George Washington's been daid for 112 years." "Doan you beliebe what's in de paper, chile! Why, I saw dat niggah only last week on de street."

Mrs. Elephant (after tying a knot in her spouse's trunk)—There, now! I guess you won't forget again to bring the baby some of those coconuts when you go down to the jungle.

"Pity a poor blind man, with a large family," cried a wayside beggar. "And how many children have you, unfortunate man?" asked the lady, in great concern. "How can I tell, madam? I can't see 'em."

"I found out the farmer we are boarding with pens a stray article now and then." "You don't say! What are his chief subjects?" "Wandering pigs, of course."

"Where is he from?" "I don't know, but I think he was raised on a desert island." "What in the world makes you think that?" "He says no woman ever made a fool of him."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

AMMONIA BOMBS FOIL DELIVERY PLOT

Within the last few days, it is stated, the guards at Auburn Prison frustrated an attempt at jail delivery which might have been as successful as the recent escapes at Little Rock and Chicago. Three prisoners one night were missing from roll call.

The guards on the walls were doubled and ordered to stop any person approaching from the inside who had no business in the prison yards. They were told to shoot any one who refused to throw up his hands when ordered. The prison officials were certain that the men had not yet got outside and were hiding and awaiting a propitious time to make their getaway.

Two of the men were life termers and considered desperate characters. For three days the search within the prison was kept up. Sewers, drain pipes and conduits were opened and ammonia bombs were thrown into them. Finally one of the guards heard a noise in a flume connected with an air blower. Bombs were immediately thrown through a crack in the box. A cry for help followed and the three convicts were soon dragged out. They had smuggled enough food and water into the place to last them a week.

Surprised at the completeness of their preparations, the State prison officials are now making an investigation to see how it was possible for the prisoners to effect their plans without outside aid.

Of forty-six escapes of attempted escapes from New York prisons within the last year only nine prisoners who got away are still at large. Eighteen Auburn convicts attempted to regain their liberty, fourteen at Clinton, six at Sing Sing and eight at Great Meadows. The prison officials say that the attempts are made mostly from road buildings or lumber camp gangs and that seldom are convicts successful in breaking out of a prison itself.

DIVERS' PERILS

Among the stories of great feats performed by divers told by Stuart Martin in *Shipping and Engineering* (Shanghai) is the following that well illustrates the perils that divers have to face:

"Not long ago the Admiralty recompensed J. P. Lingan of the sloop-of-war Shearwater for saving that ship from a grave off the coast of Mexico. In 1912 the Shearwater was cruising in Mexican waters when a gale swooped down and tore a propeller from its shaft. Resort was immediately had to the sails, but it was found that steering was almost impossible because the big arch, or well, under the stern in which the propeller had revolved, made the rudder's work ineffective.

"The officers saw that if they were to bring the ship to port this well must be boarded up. Lingan was sent down to do the work.

Though hampered with a heavy diving suit and by the weight of water, he was able to adjust

himself to the bad rolling the ship and handle the heavy timbers passed to him. He fastened the boards so securely that they could be shifted in only one place when the Shearwater reached port, even though she had been battered by heavy seas on the way.

"But that was not all. When Lingan was working in that cramped position under water, crouching in a narrow tunnel, with the green waves trying to suck him out, sharks were prowling around the ship's stern watching him hungrily, ready for him if he slipped off his perilous foothold. At times they came quite close, as if they knew he was already theirs and desired to wait no longer. They would have plucked him from that archway as an urchin picks a welk from its shell, but just above him stood a guard of armed men, who aimed and fired and aimed again at the dark fins flashing through the heavy waves."

GREAT BUFFALO RANCH STARTED

A buffalo herd of nearly a thousand animals will soon roam the hills and vales of Wenas range, Washington, with an area of 25,000 acres of wild grass land, lying between the Yakima and Columbia rivers. The nucleus of this buffalo ranch is fully one-half of the famous herd of the Scotty Philips estate near Fort Pierre, S. D. They were purchased by O. D. Gibson of Yakima, representing a Western meat company. The buffalo are to be delivered at once—twenty-five in each car of several special trains.

The history of the Scotty Philips buffalo farm dates back a quarter century, when he rounded up the remnant of a once wild herd and kept them confined by a high barbed wire fence. As the herd increased he widened his confines, and when he died several years ago the animals numbered nearly 2,000, all fully developed specimens of the plains buffalo of fifty years ago.

The estate of Philips has been disposing of buffalo to parks, zoos and private companies. The big Wenas range at his command, Gibson hastened to get control of as many of the buffalo as he could, and purchased nearly a thousand at from \$300 to \$400 each.

It will be strictly a money-making project. Each year a certain number of the full-grown, fatted buffalo will be slaughtered for the meat markets. Conservation of buffalo, begun years ago, has resulted in increased herds, for they have the capacity to forage for themselves and to thrive under climatic conditions that domestic cattle could not survive. There are areas of land in the Northwest unsuitable for agriculture now destined to profitably maintain buffalo without expense of feeding.

The conditions on the Wenas range are ideal for buffalo, grass being exceedingly heavy and winter snows light, if any. Numerous creeks and lakes dot the prairie to provide drink and "wallows" for the herd. Gibson will employ Yakima Indian youths to ride the hills and guard the buffalo.

THE NEWS IN SHORT-ARTICLES

FINE TREES CUT DOWN TO KEEP FARMERS WARM

Alfalfa county, Okla., people are burning wood this winter. Nearly every back yard in the towns and on the farms, have huge piles of sawed firewood instead of the customary coal pile.

The big grove of elms on Driftwood Creek, known as the Rutledge grove, which was one of the most beautiful picnic grounds in Alfalfa county, has been cut down and is being sold \$1 for a wagon load of logs or \$1.50 for a load of cut firewood.

A great many other fine old trees are being sacrificed that people may live comfortably through the winter.

In some parts of the State, it is said, the trees would not be missed, but Alfalfa county was almost a treeless plain at the opening of the strip, nearly every tree having been planted and cultivated by the hands of the early settlers.

FINGERPRINTS AND RECAPTURE

The development of the science of taking fingerprints is making it more difficult every day for escaped convicts to retain their liberty for long. Whenever one escapes his fingerprints are sent to police officials all over the country. It was through fingerprints that Arthur Fields, who broke parole from Auburn prison in the spring of 1920, was arrested in California. He is now on his way back to this State and will spend most of the rest of his life in prison.

Among notorious convicts in the State's prisons who have a record for attempted escapes are Reynolds Fosbrey, who got out of Clinton prison twice; John "Clink" McAllister, who two years ago made a dummy of bread dough and left it in his bed; August Flashkey, who escaped from Sing Sing in 1916 and gave himself up four years later because of the fear of being "hounded to death," and George W. Stivers and Marcus F. Bassett, who last fall got out of Sing Sing after overpowering their guards and made their way to New Hampshire, where they were captured in stolen automobiles.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL

None of the curious animals that nature has fashioned is more specterlike than the Madagascan animal called the aye-aye. Its grotesque features suggest vividly the weird creatures of a nightmare. It is about three feet in length, with long, coarse fur of a dark brown or black color. The tail is long and bushy, and the ears are remarkable for their size. The hands and feet are unlike those of any other creature, for the fingers and toes, with the exception of the great toes, are exceedingly long and slender and furnished with attenuated claws. Those, combined with the peculiar staring eyes, give the creature a gruesome appearance.

These slender fingers play a curious part in the feeding habits of the aye-aye. By their aid the animal can dislodge from their hiding places

the grubs and insects that form a part of its diet. When it gets an orange the aye-aye will first bite a circular hole in the fruit and then hold it against the side of its open mouth, while with the long fingers of its disengaged hand it will scoop out the entire contents of the orange until only the skin is left.

The aye-aye is related to the lemurs, although when it was discovered its chisel-like teeth led the naturalists to believe that it was a rodent.

The natives of Madagascar greatly dread the aye-aye and have a superstitious fear that if they should touch one they will die within a year. When it is accidentally caught in a trap set for some other creature the owner of the trap liberates the animal after he has smeared fat over its body as a peace offering.

AN ALASKA FOX FARM.

Arriving at Seattle recently with \$60,000 worth of fox pelts, Z. T. Halferty, the original fur farmer, bought a moving picture theatre and bid farewell forever to the lonesome life of the far Northwest. The story of the first fox ranch is romantic. Two men, a miner without a mine and a sailor without a ship, landed some years ago on the Island of Ugah, near Kodiak, off the coast of Alaska. They bought the island and started silver fox farming by installing three pairs of silver foxes among the rocks, content to leave the rest to nature.

They succeeded, or rather the foxes succeeded, and now the men have 600 pairs roaming their domain. The junior partner is Gus Olsen. Halferty went to Alaska in 1897 and after experiencing various shades of fortune decided upon fox raising for the valued pelts. Olsen arrived at Ugah in 1899 on a bit of driftwood following a shipwreck.

The two bought the island, consisting of about 50,000 acres, seven years ago from the Government.

For ten months each year Olsen is the only inhabitant on this land, but it is a life he loves.

The main trouble in fox farming is the fight to keep off eagles. They swoop down and carry away the fox pups when they are too young and small to protect themselves. Olsen devotes most of his time in spring killing eagles. This summer he shipped to Juneau 95 pairs of eagles' claws to claim the bounty of fifty cents a pair. Much time is spent in patrolling the shore line against native hunters who attempt to land and trap the animals on the farm.

These animals are never domesticated, but wander over the island at will and must be trapped just as though they didn't live on a farm.

Native trappers are hired during the winter and paid \$50 a month and \$5 a pelt bonus in addition to board. The men have not been compelled to feed the foxes, as the island is well stocked with game and fish drift to shore with cross currents. When a large whale goes ashore it provides food for the foxes for at least six months.

Silver foxes are worth from \$20 to \$500 each.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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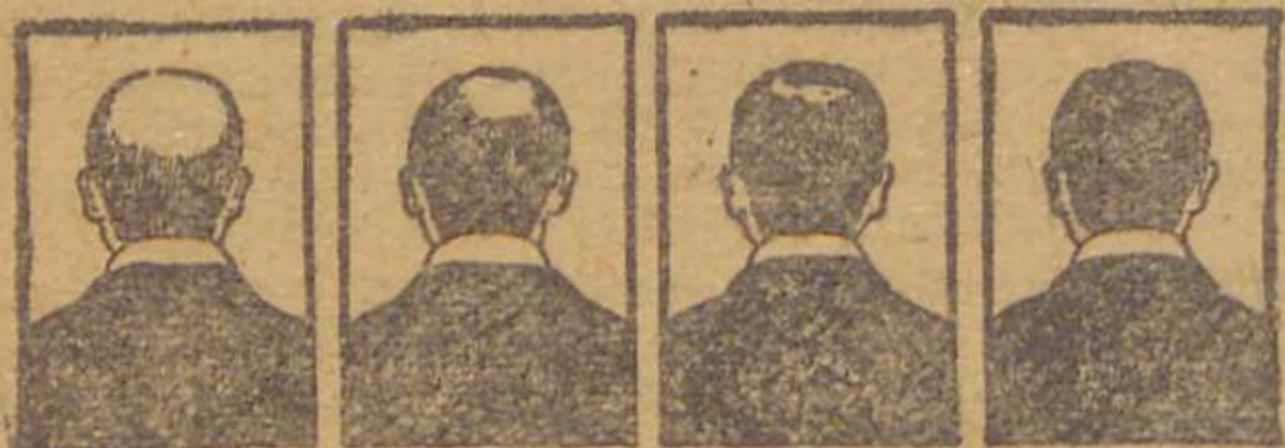
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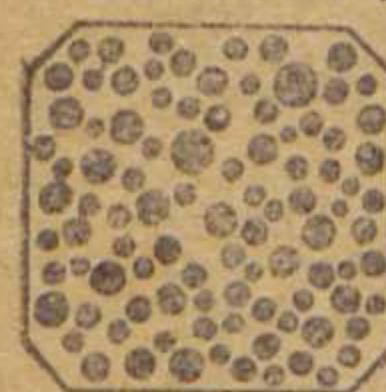
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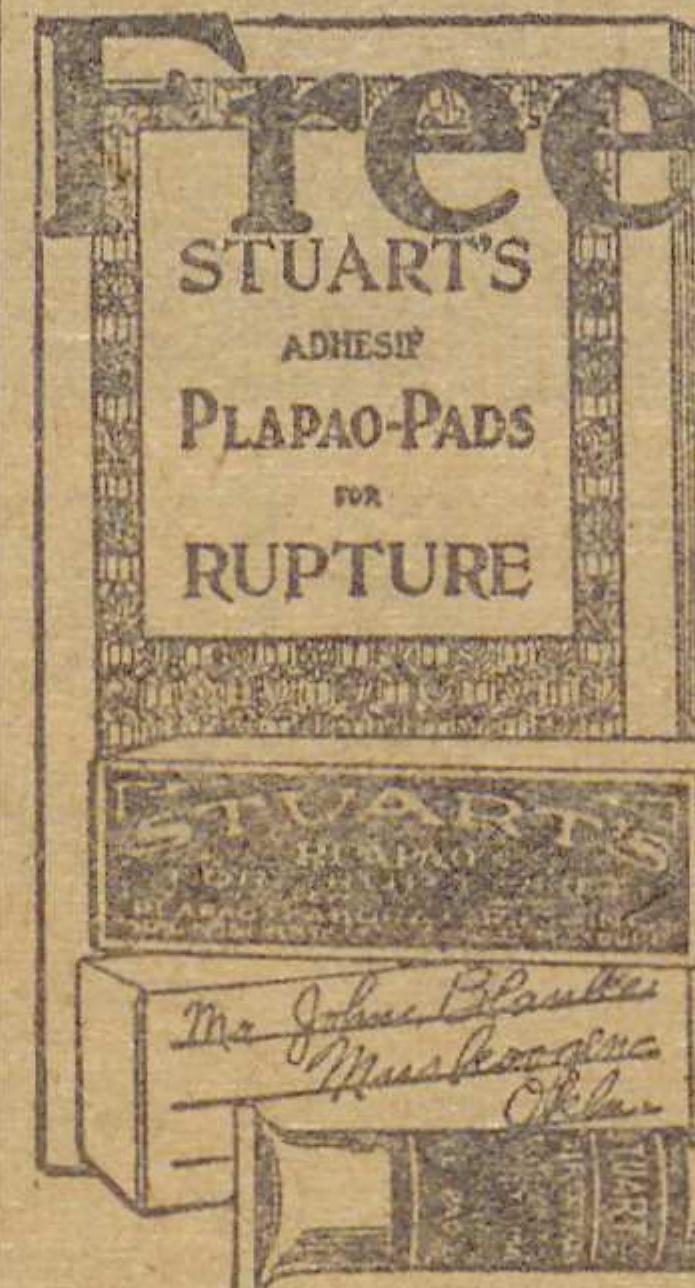
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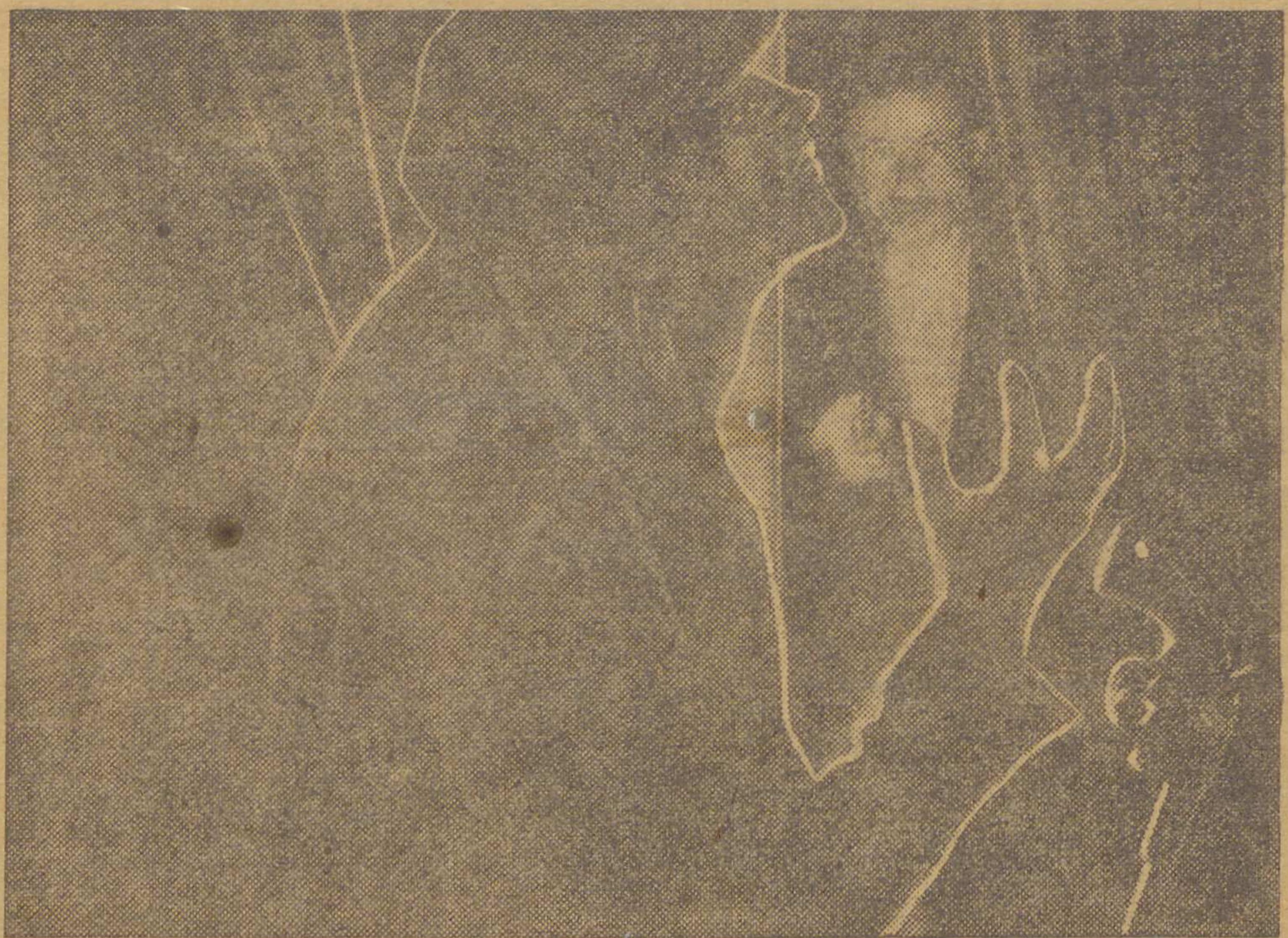
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